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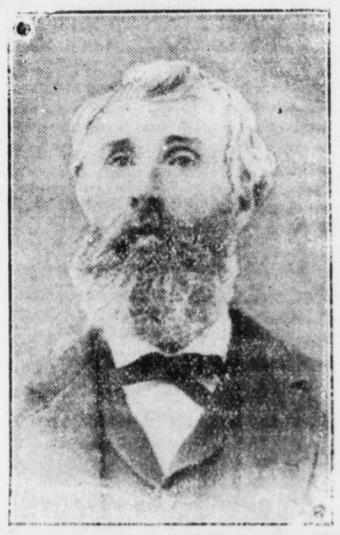
DEATH'S DOINGS.

CRAVEN.

CHARLES C. CRAVEN, aged 78 y ears, one month and one day, died at his home at Sterling Run, Tuesday, Nov. 29th, 1910, after an illness of four days. On Saturday he was stricken with paralysis, from which he never rallied. His death is a great loss to his town, where he has for 18 years resided and has been universally respected.

Charles C. Craven was born at Jersey Shore, Oct. 28, 1832. He was married to Martha Walbrook, of York State, August 6, 1853, and came to Emporium in the year of 1856, and resided there until 1893, when he moved to Sterling Run. He was one of the charter members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of Emporium, and a true helper in the church at Sterling Run. He was courteous, unassuming, a good neighbor and a blessing to his home.

The funeral was held at his home, Friday morning. Rev. Chas. Lehman officiated, assisted by Rev. S. F. Ebersole. The text was taken from Zachariah, 14th chapter, verse 7: "In the



CHARLES C. CRAVEN

evening time there shall be light." The remains was taken to Emporium, on Erie mail and interment was made in the Newton Cemetery, where he was laid to rest beside his wife, who preceded him 22 years ago.

His six grandsons acted as pall bearers,

Deceased leaves to mourn his death, two sisters, Mrs. M. C. Earl, of Minneapolis, Minn., and Mrs. Eltza Matteson, of Lindley, two daughters, Mrs. E. H. Marshall, of Emporium, and Mrs. Leonard Smith, of Sterling Run; three sons, Frank and Joseph, of Emporium and Charles, of West Virginia.

Eye Injured.

Last Friday afternoon, while attending to his duties at the Emporium Iron Company's works, Mr. Ross Overturf had the misfortune to injure his right eye, by being hit with a piece of iron. Dr. H S. Falk dressed the injury and Mr. Overturf went to Ridgway on the evening train to consult a specialist. On Saturday he submitted to an operation and possibly will have another within a few days. The sight of the eye will probably be restored. We are profoundly sorry for Mr. Overturf and sincerely hope the operation will prove successful.

The Best Lighted Place in Town.

If you want to see a beautifully lighted room you are invited to call and inspect the store room of Metzger the Jeweler. You are not expected to buy unless you want to, but he would rather you would come and not buy, than not come at all, so everybody go and inspect the store, you will be welcome if you never spend a cent.

42-4t.

The Most Beautiful Thing in Emporium.

That is the most beautiful thing in Emporium, said a well known woman, the other day as she stood in front of the case of cut glass at Metzger's store and feasted her eyes on the beautiful display presented. There is nothing a good housewife prides herself on more than the appearance of her table, and it is surprising how much a few pieces of really good cut glass will brighten up a table, enhancing the appearance of the linen, silver and china. Metzger keeps only the choicest lines, but sells at popular prices. 42-4t.

Rummage Sale.

The ladies of the Methodist Church will hold a Rummage Sale in Parsons' Bazaar, room next to Clark & Morrison's store, from Thursday evening until Saturday evening, of this week. Will those who have goods to spare send to this room on Thursday or notify us where to call for them.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3 1910.

After a recess and an election eventful in American politics, the national legislature is again in session in Washington. It will be a full year, however, before the result of the recent elections can be felt in legislation, and by that time there may be such changes in commercial, industrial and political conditions that the intention of the voters as expressed a few weeks ago will be modified or in some instances nullified. It is an unfortunate condition that twelve months must elapse and a session of Congress intervene before the will of the country as expressed at the polls can be carried into effect, and when it is remembered that this condition is fixed in the constitution, that fetish of the American lawyer and statesman, it is difficult to see how reform can be effected.

It is expected that the present session will address itself to routine business, the passage of appropriation bills and necessary non-political measures. The President's proclamation has recommended as a matter of course important new legislation, but there is little prospect of its being carried out. Nothing much will be done until after the Christmas holidays, and then bare two months of the Congressional session will remain before this Congress, on the 4th of March, will be ex-officio, and, as has been said, the new Congress just elected to do and undo so much will not have its chance for twelve months.

Among the messages that will surely have a hearing in the discussions under the appropriations bills will be the subject of the fortification of the Panama Canal and there will be a confusion of party lines in the debate on this question. Some Republicans and some Democrats will oppose the military program proposed by the President, while other Republicans and Democrats will likely approve it. Mr. Tawney, Chairman of the appropriations committee, who failed of reflection, will urge that the Canal shall be made a free waterway, unguarded by fortresses or cannon, while those of the Roosevelt and Taft school of politics will insist that a property costing nearly half a billion dollars and essential to the defence of our extensive western coast shall not be left without adequate military protection, always, of course, "in the interest of peace," as Mr. Roosevelt would express it.

There is much comment in Washington with regard to the almost oppressive silence of Mr. Roosevelt since the election. He has completely disappeared from the political firmament, and now instead of headlines and columns on the first pages of the daily papers, there is not even a paragraph or a caricature. The explanation is that he has probably given a tip to his friends, the reporters and caricaturists (for between him and them there has been a loyalty mutual and ideal) that they shall give him an indefinate term of exclusive privacy. It would not be bad for Mr. Roosevelt's political future if he should let his beard grow, take the Canadian route to Vancouver, sail on the Empress of India line to Yokahoma, and spend the next two years in Japan, China, the Philippines, Java, Straits Settlements and India, returning to this country in time to mix in next Presidential election, either as principal or assistant. Travel, observation and meditation will be good for even so well equipped a man as the only ex-President of the United States.

It is said that an effort will be made by the Postmaster General, backed by the administration, to pass a bill reducing postage on sealed letters to one cent and also to carry into effect the long opposed parcels-post privileges enjoyed by all foreign peoples, but through the influence of the express companies withheld from the citizens of the United States The American citizen living in Washington may send a ten pound package by mail to London, Paris, Berlin or Vienna, but he cannot send the same package to Baltimore, only one hour distant, or to Philadelphia or New York, four or five hours distant. If the package should only weigh four pounds he can send it by mail for 64 cents to any of those cities, but the four pounds to the European destination costs only 48 cents. The Postoffice Department is not responsible for these outrages. They are the result of the monopoly which the express companies through their influence in the Senate and House have been able to maintain in the distribution of packages by mail. In other words, the express companies will not be able to make so much money if the people of the United States shall insist upon having as good a parcels-post between Philadelphia and Cincinnati, for example, as they have to Berlin or Paris.

Big Fire at St. Marys.

This (Thursday) morning at about 4:45 o'clock a most disastrous fire broke out on Erie Avenue at St Marys, which totally destroyed six buildings, among which were the Commercial Hotel, a barber shop, bakery and three other buildings. The origin of the fire is unknown. The flames spread rapidly and aid was called from Ridgway, DuBois and Renovo, all places responding. Train No. 12, due in Emporium at eight o'clock, was held outside St Marys yards, as the fire and heat was so intense that it was impossible to bring the train through. It arrived in Emporium one hour late. We have not learned at this writing the amount of the loss. but it will probably be quite heavy.

LATER:—A later report from St. Marys to the PRESS in regard to the fire, is as follows: The Commercial Hotel is only partially burned; Baker's Clothing Store, (it was here where the fire started), the Family Theatre, Evan's barber shop, Venani's fruit store, Luke's Bakery and pool room are all destroyed. Owing to wire communications being very poor we cannot give a detailed account of the loss or insurance.

Watterson Still a Free-Trader.

"No less than of old we fly and shall continue to fly the flag of a Tariff for revenue only. No less than of old we assert and shall continue to assert that the government has no right, in law or equity, to levy and collect a dollar of taxation except for its own support. No less than of old we proclaim and shall continue to proclaim the truth that Protection is robbery under the form of law." That sounds like Henry Watterson, and it is Henry Watterson, in double-leaded editorial in the Louisville Courier-Journal. Moreover, it is the voice of the Democratic party. Fortunately for the country, perhaps, while all Democrats theoretically accept that platform, many of them balk at its practical application when the interests and productions of their districts and state are concerned. Nevertheless, it shows what the country would be entitled to expect should the Democracy again get complete control of the government. And then, once more, the deluge.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

The Shaw Comedy Co. will appear at the Emporium Opera House, three nights only commencing Thursday, Dec. 8, in a selected repetition of the Standard plays, headed by the eminent character actor G. M. Brown and a company of recognized players, pretty girls, funny comedians, star specialty acts, and our challenge band and orchestra. The plays we will produce here are: "Reuben In New York," "Fabio Romani, or The Vendetta," "Reuben Glue, or Amongst the Bushrangers of Australia," and "The Wages of Sin."

Don't fail to see this high-class company at popular prices. Band concerts at Opera House at 7:15, p. m., nightly.

Back Home.

Roy Burlew, who has been located in the western states for several months, in the interest of the Novelty Incandescent Lamp Co., of this place, returned to Emporium last Saturday and was royally received by his many friends. Mr. Burlew has buckled down to work in the Company's office.

Has It?

If your Christmas present has the imprint of "Metzger the Jeweler" on it you can rest assured it is "A No. 1," the best that can be had, and of guaranteed reliability. Look for the name.

42-4t.

Sermon to be Repeated.

In the First Metoodist Church on next Sunday evening the pastor will repeat, by request, th sermon delivered Sunday morning, Nov. 27th, on "The Faith Once Delivered Unto the Saints."

Furs—Flannels.

Blankets from 75c up. California Wool Blankets $12.00 per pair.

M. C. TULIS.

On Dec. 14th, (Rose Day at our store) we will have on display the finest and largest line of candies ever shown in Emporium. SEGERS.

Furs—Flannels.

Blankets from 75c up. California Wool Blankets $12.00 per pair.

M. C. TULIS.

Sunday Schools and schools, please order your candy now. Special prices given. SEGER'S.

New Fire Nozzles.

Chief Engineer, A. M. Haupt, has received three new fire nozzles for Emporium fire companies that are dandies. They were tested, Monday evening and were very satisfactory, throwing a nice stream over the Baptist Church tower. The Emporium Water Company's pressure was 140 pounds. Right here we should like to know why Emporium, with its excellent fire protection, should be charged such outrageous insurance rates.

Sunshine Hawks.

A. W. Hawks, the humorist, will lecture at the opera house, Thursday evening, Dec. 15th, under the auspices of Young People of Presbyterian and Baptist Churches. Remember the date and enjoy a good laugh.

Large Attendance.

The Stockholders of the Cameron Powder Co., held a meeting on Monday at their offices in the PRESS block to vote upon the proposition to increase their capital to $150,000. The Company reported a healthy condition of affairs.

Gone to Hospital.

Mrs. T. H. Williams, daughter of Hon. and Mrs. G. W. Huntley, left for Philadelphia last Thursday evening, accompanied by her husband to enter German Hospital for an operation for appendicitis. The operation was to have been performed yesterday.

Big Improvement.

Health Officer Walter B. Thompson believes in commencing at his tonsorial establishment first before calling down his neighbors. His establishment has been nicely papered, painted and "Here is it" fitted up in sanitary condition. Walt believes in having everythimg nice and tidy.

Rescue Hook and Ladder Company Dance.

The Rescue Hook and Ladder Company are actively at work making arrangements for their 24th annual ball and reception to be held at the opera house Friday evening, Dec. 30th. The popular Germania orchestra, of Lock Haven, has been secured for the occasion. Remember the date. The PRESS Job rooms are now at work on their printing.

Bargain Sale of Fine China.

In order to make room for new Christmas goods, I have decided to dispose of my entire line of fine French and German hand painted and decorated china, regardless of cost. Beginning next Friday, every piece of china in my store will be offered a just one half of the regular price. This will be an opportunity of a life time to get high grade china at almost give away prices. Come early and get first choice.

42-4t. GEO. METZGER, JR.

The Sick.

Clark Metzger, who is attending Chamberlain Military Academy, at Randolph, N. Y., suffered a slight attack of scarlet fever. He is now recovering and is is doing as well as can be expected.

***

Thomas Craven, one of the obliging and efficient clerks in the store of C. B. Boward & Company, is confined to his home with an attack of pneumonia His many friends hope for a speedy recovery. Dr. Bush is in attendance.

***

Mr. I. Gregeroff, chemist for the Keystone National Powder Company, at the Keystone plant, is also a sufferer with pneumonia. We hope that he will soon be fully recovered.

***

Mrs. John Welsh is confined to her home on Fifth street, by illness. Mrs. Welsh had a severe cold also a bilious attack. We are pleased to state that she is improving at this writing.

$900 and $1200 Positions.

We need more young men to qualify for good paying positions. Westbrook Academy, Olean. 43-2t.

Position Wanted.

Young lady wants position, or work of some kind, in, or near, Emporium. Address, X L., care PRESS.

Furs—Flannels.

Blankets from 75c up. California Wool Blankets $12.00 per pair.

M. C. TULIS.

3000 Graduates.

For reference. Twenty-ninth school year. No solicitors. Call or write. Westbrook Academy, Olean. 43-2t.

Furs—Flannels.

Blankets from 75c up. California Wool Blankets $12.00 per pair.

M. C. TULIS.

School Report.

Honor roll for Bryan Hill for month ending Dec. 1, 1910:

Lora Lyon, Stacha Specht, Anna Bruner.

Regular attendance.

ROSE V. LAWSON, Teacher.

President's Message.

President Taft's message was presented to Congress on Tuesday. He deals very plainly with the leading questions of the day. He strongly urges economy and the enlargement of opportunity for foreign trade; abolishing of all needless ship yards and custom districts; expand [onr opportunities in the markets of the world. The present tariff as an income producing measure has never been exceeded in the history of this country. The present tariff law schedules have been grossly misrepresented. He urges that tariff legislation be left to the new Congress and strongly advocates a tariff board; that there should be no halt to business; the schedules be acted upon as the occasion arises. The Panama canal which will be completed Jan. 1, 1915, within the estimate of cost, $375,000,000, he urges fortification and we believe he is right. Postal Savings Banks and Parcels Post he strongly endorses, the latter to extend to the Rural Routes. The message we regret is too lenghty for us to handle this issue.

The Census.

While Cameron county has only gained in population 596 durlng the past ten years, making our total population 7,644, we have cause to rejoice when many of our neighboring counties have gone backwards. Here's hoping that during the next ten years our county may be dotted with more industries, thereby increasing our population.

We have not been furnished the figures for Emporium and Driftwood. Possibly Driftwood will hold its own and we look for Emporium's population to be 3,000, possibly 3,200.

Council Brothers.

Chas. A. Counsil, senior member of the general merchandise firm of Counsil Brothers, Sinnamahoning, Pa., transacted business in Emporium yesterday, making the PRESS a social and business call. This enterprising firm has just completed a solid brick building, situated near the iron bridge leading to Wyside. The opening of the new store, which will be a gola day for Grove, takes place on Wednesday, Dec . 14. Read their ad in this issue.

Successful Operation.

Dr. F. G. Early, of Ridgway, Pa., and Mrs. Linn, Matron of Ridgway Hospital, accompanied a Ridgway patient to the office of Dr. Heilman, at this place for the removal of a cancer by means of electric needles.

The Doctor assures us that when cancers are removed by this method they seldom return.

Miss Edna Auchu Improving.

Miss Edna Auchu, who has suffered greatly for a long time with deceased eyes, went to Philadelphia last week, accompained by her father. Dr. L. Webster Fox, the celebrated eye specialist, operated on her left eye on Saturday. We are pleased to learn she is getting along nicely under Dr. Fox's treatment.

Coming Events at Opera House.

Shaw Comedy Co., three nights, with Band and Orchestra.

Peck's Bad Boy.

Uncle Daniel with Band and Orchestra.

Brown from Missouri.

Paid in Full.

Jno. W. Vogel's Big City Minstrels.

Shine on Harvest Moon.

Social Club Dance, every two weeks, Wednesday.

Good Work

The Clarion State Normal School has had a remarkably steady growth during the past five years. The character of the work done has been highly commended by superintendents and patrons. Special courses will be provided for young men and women who wish to enter the Winter Term, January 3. A postal card to the Principal, Clarion, Pa., will bring full information.

Don't Overlook This Feature.

In the hurry of selecting Christmas presents you should not forget the important feature of reliability in anything you give as a present. This is best illustrated in this way: The House of Metzger the Jeweler, was established in 1863, and any present bearing the imprint of this establishment, has reliability in the broadest sense of the word guaranteed to it. If you should receive a gift that was bought at this establishment, that does not prove absolutely all that it was recommended, you will confer a great favor upon the proprietor by bringing it back and allowing us to make it satisfactory.

42-4t. METZGER THE JEWELER.

THE WEATHER.

FRIDAY, Fair.

SATURDAY, Fair.

SUNDAY, Fair.

ASSETS

First National Bank,

EMPORIUM, PA.

At the close of business, Dec. 7, 1910.

$899,598.10.

DON'T LOSE TIME.

One of the most successful men of America when asked to what he attributed his success replied:

"I built my fortune on the dial of my watch seconds became pennies, minutes became dimes, hours became dollars. I gave a money value to every tick, and took advantage of everything that economized time. I never procrastinate; I never wait for other people to get ahead of me. I keep my eyes and ears open for opportunities; I look well into whatever seems good to me; when my judgement approves I act promptly and with decision. I don't know that there is any particular rule or law of success, but I'm pretty sure that one of the foundation principles is "Don't lose Time." Don't lose time in opening a Savings account in this Bank.

$1.00 Starts an Account.

3° INTEREST PAID ON SAVING BOOK ° ACCOUNTS AND CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT.

DR. LEON REX FELT,
DENTIST.
Rockwell Block, Emporium, Pa.

DR. H. W. MITCHELL,
DENTIST,
Office over A. F. Vogt's Shoe Store
Emporium, Pa. 12y

Coming! Coming!

Emporium Opera House

Three Nights Only Commencing

Thursday, December 8th, 1910

The Shaw Comedy Co.,

BAND AND ORCHESTRA

In a Repretoir of Standard Plays will produce here.

The Merry Musical Mix-Up

"REUBEN IN NEW YORK."

The Romantic Drama

"FABIO ROMANI, OR THE VENDETTA."

The Great Comedy Play

"REUBEN GLUE, OR AMONGST THE BUSHRANGERS OF AUSTRALIA."

The Melodramic Success

"THE WAGES OF SIN."

Be sure and hear our Band Concerts at Opera House at 7:15 p. m. nightly. Specialties between the Acts. Popular prices, 10c, 20c and 30c.

Red Cross Christmas Seals.

One year ago the Northwestern Anti-Tuberculosis League was organized to carry on the fight against consumption in the northwestern portion of Pennsylvania. They took the Bon Air Sanitorium which had eight beds and during the succeeding eight months increased the capacity to forty beds and to-day there are about thirty people on the waiting list, thus showing the necessity of the existence of such a work. The proceeds from the sale of Red Cross Christmas Stamps will assist this society to increase the capacity of the Bon Air Sanitarium. No one can tell when some of their friends will need the services of an institution of this character. Put your pennies into Red Cross Christmas Seals and help to perpetuate the Bon Air Sanitarium.

Sermon to Young Men.

There will be a special sermon to young men at Emmanuel Church next Sunday evening. There will be special music and evening prayer. Leaflets will be provided so that all can follow the service. All young men are invited to attend this service.

Apron Sale.

The Sewing Circle of the First M. E. Church will hold an apron sale in Parsons' Bazaar, rear of Dodson's Drug Stord, 16th and 17th of December.

Honor roll for Sizerville school: Theodore Raszmann, Charlie Villella, Medford Ostrum, Lowell Krebs, Louie Villella, Max Ostrum, Willie Kephart, Ray Krebs, Arvilla Kephart, Kathryn Kinsler, Florence Ostrum, Grace Ostrum.

LEATHIE M. VICTORY, Teacher.

Attended Play.

Misses Christy MacDonald and Ida Seger, Mr. C. Harold Seger and Dr. W. H. Bush, all of this place, attended the production of "Al Trouvador," at Olean, N. Y., last Monday evening.

Found The Place

For a good Stylish Suit, Overcoat or Raincoat. Made to fit right, at the lowest prices. Call or address

C. A. BLAIR,
Emporium, Pa.

n40-6t.

Now is the time to get in your orders for Cut Flowers for Christmas—don't delay. SEGER'S.

For Sale.

One of two teams, either driving or working team, weighing 3200 or 2500. Must be sold at once. Terms reasonable. Apply at PRESS office. 43-1t.

CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

H. H. MULLIN, Editor and Proprietor
Published Every Thursday

EMPORIUM. - PENNSYLVANIA

Now the coal man smiles and the ice man weeps.

The only prohibitive duty we need is one on cholera.

It simplifies matters when lost aeronauts find themselves.

Not the auto but the reckless chauffeur merits public condemnation.

Unlike the autoist the aviator is not bothered with the problem of good roads.

Reckless auto driving must be punished with all the severity the law allows.

The lady who tries to smuggle in jewelry is probably too honest to steal a pin.

The aviation business does not seem to be falling off, although the aviators are.

Little Bobby is getting ready to tell Santa Claus that he wants an aeroplane at Christmas time.

The cow of today is high-priced and she is not permitted to risk her life by jumping over the moon.

Will women ever be convinced that it does not pay to try to beat Uncle Sam at the smuggling game.

Prince Kropotkin has discovered the bacillus of gout. This will be glad news for old man Common People.

One of the sculptors explains that he is seeking a divorce for art's sake. He will have to show us the art.

A doctor claims to have cured hundreds of people of the drink habit by feeding them apples. Save the orchards.

It seems now to be accepted in aviation circles that the equillibrator is the sort of tail that tries to wag the dog.

Slowly but surely we are drifting along toward the time when another president's message will have to be considered.

"Just drop down and see us" will be a liberal invitation if people follow the precedent set of calling in an aeroplane.

Another college boy has died of injuries received in a football game, but there is no indication that the sacrifice will be stopped. Fooball pays too well.

A Massachusetts scientist says that animals have no instinctive desire for destruction. This is where they differ considerably from the enlightened human contingent.

A germ-proof hospital is one of the latest and finest conceptions of millionaire generosity. Germ-proof humanity, however, would solve a very distressing problem of mortality.

Oculists declare that reading on the street cars is the cause of much eye trouble. Reading must now join quarreling and love making in the list of things to be done at home.

A church census of Chicago gives that city 900,000 regular church attendants. It would be interesting to know how many of that number are women and how many men who pass the plate.

A life convict in New York, who has invented an airship, is to be liberated from jail on bail to give him opportunity to perfect his invention. Justice in these busy days must wait on progress or run the risk of being unceremoniously shoved out of the way.

Cuba proves itself abundantly capable of raising something besides political ructions. The sugar crop this year is reported excellent, which means good money and an excess of prosperity to the people. Steady application to the development of natural resources and exemption from political disturbances will make Cuba one of the wealthiest countries of its size in the world.

A Danish inventor has succeeded in lighting incandescent lamps by an electric current transmitted without wires. But a greater achievement in the use of electricity without wires will be to direct the current in such a way that it will perform the single task set for it and go nowhere else, and will be free from interference by other currents. If interference could be prevented, wireless telegraphy would be much more useful than it is today.

It would be a good idea if the resources of science could connect those disastrous ocean storms with the destructive forest fires. Then one might neutralize the other to the eventual benefit of mankind.

The biggest ship yet has just been launched in Ireland. She is a sixth of a mile long, four times longer tan the height of Bunker monument. The age is running so to big things of all kinds that it is difficult to realize the old maxim still holds true that it is the little things which count.

WHY THE LANDSLIDE

SIMPLE EXPLANATION OF DEMOCRATIC VICTORIES

Periodical Desire for a Turnover in National Affairs—People Did Little Sifting of Men and Their Principles.

"Jeshurun waxed fat, and kicked."

As it was in the days of Moses, so it is now. A long period of fat and prosperous times breeds the ferment of wide and deep unrest. A nation grows discontented in its money-making and yields to the old tendency to upset what is on top and bring low what is high. The desire to smash things comes to the surface with resistless force and little discrimination.

The last Democratic Congress went out of existence in 1895. In the 15 years since then a new generation has grown up. It has had no personal knowledge of the effects of a Democratic control of the lawmaking machinery of the national government. And it seems that every generation must burn its own fingers.

This, in the large view, is the meaning of the general and emphatic Democratic victories. The voters did little sifting of men and the principles they stood for, taking the country as a whole. They voted for the party that is out, against the party that is in. It was a landslide for a turnover in national affairs.

Certain individuals ride the tidal wave of Democratic success in a way which cannot fail to fix the attention of the country. Governor Judson Harmon is the chief of these special beneficiaries of his party's sweeping triumphs. He stands today by far the most conspicuous and commanding figure in the national Democracy. He is almost certain to be the next Democratic candidate for president.

The great special interests in "big" business that have been the target at which millions of voters struck, often blindly and with misdirected energy, come out of the battle with their especial favorite given a fine start toward the White House. Ohio, a state surely desirous of weakening and curbing these privileged forces in politics, makes their particular favorite the most promising presidential candidate of the victorious party.

By comparison with this outstanding and vital fact details are of little moment. They can be found, in great and strange variety, in the returns from many states. "Standpat" candidates have fallen with progressives. Here and there a Republican of each wing of the party has won a notable victory. But in the large sense the unrest, the eagerness for change, took small account of individuals. It made a great party its target and struck at everything Republican.

Jeshurun has kicked. If he ceases to wax fat he will soon kick harder in the opposite direction.—Cleveland Leader.

The Persistent Free Trader.

The Des Moines Capital says:

The opponents of Taft are in a great measure free traders. The opposition to Taft is backed by rich importers and the agents for foreign manufacturers who desire a free entrance for their goods into the American market.

The free trader is the most persistent standpatter in the world. He is always at work. He never sleeps. If he does, some more radical free trader springs up in his place.

The free traders have it in for Taft. They don't like to see the money piling up in the United States treasury. They prefer direct taxation as a means of revenue.

The free traders have the public at a disadvantage. The public has not really discovered their purpose. The public may not discover their purpose until free trade and soup houses are again established.

Human Welfare.

Henry L. Stimson, the late Republican nominee for governor of New York, well said that the Republicans stood for human welfare, and that he believed the people's business should be so conducted that it should promote human and social progress. This has been the motto of the Republican party ever since its organization. It has been a party that meant something for human advancement, in individual freedom, in social enlightenment and in business protection. The forward movement can be conducted only by those who look forward and not backward.—New York Sun.

Conserving the People's Money.

We commend the successful efforts of the president to limit the estimates of appropriations for the public service to actual necessities, which resulted at the last session of congress in a reduction in the appropriations of over $44,000,000 as compared with the previous year.

Democratic Insincerity.

An incident admirably illustrates the insincerity of the Democratic promoters upon the tariff issue. During the extra session of 1909, when the schedules were under discussion, two-thirds of the Democratic members in both branches were for maintaining the Dingley rates or raising them whenever an important industry in one or another Democratic member's district was concerned. But they are not humbugging the people. The new tariff has made good; it has already justified itself.

TARIFF RULES WAGE SCALE

Reduction in the One Must Inevitably Mean a Reduction in the Other.

As the tariff goes up or down, so wages move up or down. Frank A. Munsey, whose Washington paper, the Times, has been looked upon as a stanch advocate of tariff revision, gave an interview at Salzburg, Germany, to the New York Herald, that affords little comfort to the insurgents. "If the tariff is reduced," says the logical Mr. Munsey, "we cannot maintain the high wage rate now in force. You can't have both. A lowering of the tariff would invite an influx of foreign goods produced by cheap labor, and wages in our country would have to go down with the tariff as a matter of business expediency or business existence." It is for the American workingman to choose which he will have—adequate protection with high wages or insufficient protection with low wages and a low standard of living.

The minority report of the senate committee on wages and prices, whose superficial and partisan conclusions have now been made public, takes the ground that if the protective tariff be removed and prices allowed to sink, the question of wages may be trusted to take care of itself. Comparing free trade Great Britain with various protectionist countries of Europe, the report has the imprudence to say: "The general testimony is that the rate of wages for all mechanical trades is substantially higher in Great Britain than in those protectionist countries, while the prices of necessities are lower, leaving the Englishman a wider margin to live upon." The report cites a table published in Whitaker's Almanac to show that, in the 60 years during which Great Britain has had free trade, wages have increased 81.7 per cent. and prices only three per cent. If these figures be correct, then wages 60 years ago were fearfully low and out of all proportion with prices. Representative Hamilton of Michigan, furnishes a table, which, as printed in the Congressional Record, tells a totally different tale. The table represents a comparison of wages for an eight-hour day in the United States and Great Britain. The wage of general laborers in the United States is $1.36, as against 80 cents in Great Britain. The average daily wage for bricklayers, stonecutters, stone masons, carpenters, painters, plumbers and machinists in the United States is $3.14, as against $1.50 in Great Britain.—Leslie's Weekly.

Proof of Benefits of Protection.

Sir—Suppose Oliver McKnight and "A Democrat" take a walk among the hardware dealers and see the shelves loaded with American goods (instead of former foreign ones), due to American protection, "wouldn't that jar them?" If this does not suit, suppose they look back about 30 years and note the prices of wire cloth and wire nails and then and now, won't this convince them that the consumer is benefited? Or, suppose they refer to the "robber tariff" of a few years ago on tin plate, and note that on account of "protection" we have thousands of hands at work that bought their groceries in Europe before the "robber tariff" came in vogue. Suppose they go to Harrisburg and see there the immense plant turning out black sheets finer than in Europe, and now exported to Europe, due to start on account of protection.

Is protection at the expense of the consumer? Facts disprove it.

Administration's Good Work.

The Taft administration has gone a long way toward giving direction to the party and stability to the country. It has proved its worth in all particulars and no administration in recent years has achieved the success that has been won by the administration of the man who had the breadth of view not to link himself to any element of the party, but to stand for the conservative progressivism that is devoid of radicalism, but that is steadily progressive. This is not a straddling position; it is the attitude of the golden mean.

Attitude of Republican Party.

The Republican party wants the laboring man here in America to enjoy more of the blessings of life than does the laboring man anywhere else on earth and to that end the Republican party by steadfast adherence to the principles of protection, will seek to keep the wheels of industry turning to make demand for labor at the best wage known to mankind.

Protection and Prosperity.

The Republican party has always stood for the protective principle. Under this policy all of the industries of the country have so flourished that since 1894 we have been first among the manufacturing nations of the world and our agricultural interests were never more highly prosperous than at the present time.

Not Wise to Be Hasty.

We believe that permanency in our tariff law is of great importance to our business interests and to the workingman who depend upon such interests for steady employment. No tariff rate should be changed until the necessity for such change is demonstrated. When, however, the commission reports facts which show the tariff to be wrong in any particular, we believe that congress should, after a proper hearing, amend the tariff in that particular.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

BERNHARDT STILL YOUTHFUL

The emotional, fervid and ever youthful Bernhardt is once again in our midst. With a repertoire of 24 plays, she will tour this country for six months and will then visit Cuba and Mexico. Of course, "the Divine Sarah"—how many million times has she been called that?—has made the inevitable statement that this is her farewell tour, but American theater-goers are hardened, disillusioned. The most trusting patron of the drama, whose wide-eyed belief in the truth of many stage legends is almost pathetic, becomes cynical and peevish when the term "farewell tour" is used in connection with any celebrity, most of all Sarah of the burnished tresses. Sarah has "farewelled" too often.

But when you get right down to it, who wants her to retire, anyway? When a woman of 67 can play the part of a lithesome lad of 19—play it wonderfully, with all the grace and vivacity which the role demands—why should she retire? Why shouldn't she go right on playing until she's 100 if she wants to? If Sarah has this idea in mind—and certainly it seems that she has—she can count on Americans backing her up for many a long year to come.

It has been said ,in fact one reads it in every account of Mme. Bernhardt's career, that she looks barely half her age. That, of course, isn't so; to say that the world-famous French actress appears to be only about 34 off the stage "in real life" is an exaggeration. But that her figure is as slender and straight as any girl's, her eyes bright and her complexion clear and healthy, cannot be denied.

Interested in every question of the day, well informed on many of them, a sculptor, painter and poet of no mean ability, as well as the greatest living actress, Sarah Bernhardt is a wonderfully interesting individual. One quality which she possesses to a marked degree is seldom mentioned and that is her womanliness—motherliness perhaps expresses this charactristic better. Those near and dear to her—her son and his wife and the little grandchild to whom she is devoted for instance—do not know her as "brilliant," "fascinating," "intense," but merely as a tender-hearted woman of many lovable qualities.

GOVERNMENT HEALTH ADVISER

When Theodore Roosevelt discovered some years ago that the Panama Canal could never be built until the yellow fever plague was conquered, he appointed a commission of medical men to discover the cause of the scourge and the means of preventing it. The splendid work of that commission everybody knows; but not everyone is aware that the members of the commission were named by a private citizen, Dr. William H. Welch, of Baltimore. Dr. Welch has occupied for years the unique position of unofficial adviser to the United States government in all large matters relating to the public health. There is hardly a single body that has to do with the national health which does not include Dr. Welch among its members.

As president of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York, Human Life says, he has helped to inspire many of the great discoveries which have come out of that laboratory from Dr. Simon Flexner and others. Not long ago the Carnegie Institution in Washington needed a chairman for its executive committee, which has general oversight of all the Institution's manifold scientific activities. Dr. Welch was elected, and although the Carnegie research workers are busy with many other problems besides those of medicine, he takes almost as much interest in the institution's new non-magnetic yacht and its observatory in the Andes as in his own particular subject.

As a pathologist Dr. Welch has won a world-wide reputation. Occupying the professorship in this science at Johns Hopkins University since its foundation, he has made during the last twenty-five years many important contributions to our knowledge of diphtheria, typhoid fever, malaria, Asiatic cholera, kidney troubles, and other diseases.

J. J. HILL 72 YEARS OLD

James J. Hill, of St. Paul, celebrated his 72d birthday anniversary a few days ago. The heading reads, "J. J. Hill 72 Years Old." Perhaps it would have been nearer correct if it read, "James J. Hill, 72 Years Young." If there is another man in the United States who has passed the allotted time of three score years and ten, and, having done as much work in his lifetime as James J. Hill, "Empire Builder of the Northwest," still retains as keen an intellect and can yet do as much important work in a day, St. Paul would like to know who he is.

Mr. Hill's son, Louis W. Hill, as president of the Great Northern railroad, has relieved his father of much work, but in the office of president of the board, James J. Hill finds enough to do to keep him busy every day. His hand is still on the helm and nothing escapes his notice. Evidence of Mr. Hill's keenness of mind was amply given in the address he delivered before the National Conservation Congress in St. Paul. Some of the epigrams contained in that address will be quoted in years to come.

Mr. Hill's St. Paul home is on Summit avenue, a residence street equaling in beauty any in the world. From the rear of his house Mr. Hill has a view of the Mississippi river and the beautiful bluffs beyond that provides a picture no artist could truthfully portray. In his home are priceless collections of art.

"During the big conservation congress in St. Paul recently," said Mr. Hill, "we talked about conserving water and conserving land; conserving coal and conserving iron; it's too bad somebody didn't say a word about conserving common sense. That's what the country needs right now—to conserve common sense."

JUDGE WHO TRIED CRIPPEN

Lord Alverstone, chief justice of England, is the judge before whom Dr. Harvey H. Crippen was tried for the murder of his wife, and it was he who sentenced the American dentist to be hanged. Lord Alverstone is regarded in England as having exceptional judicial ability. He was born in December, 1842, the second son of Thomas Webster, Q. C., and Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Richard Calthrop, Swineshead Abbey, Lincolnshire. He was educated at King's College School, at Charterhouse, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was Scholar, thirty-fifth Wrangler, and third-class Classic. He became a barrister in 1868; joined the South-Eastern Service circuit; later, was appointed Tubman, and, after that, Postman, of the Court of Exchequer. He took silk ten years after he was called. In 1889 he contested Bewdley, and five years later he became M. P. for Launceston. From the same year until 1900, when he was appointed Lord Chief Justice of England, he was M. P. (Conservative) for the Isle of Wight. He was attorney-general from 1885 to 1886, from 1886 to 1892, and from 1895 to 1900. In the last-named year he became Master of the Rolls. In 1872 he married Louisa, only daughter of William Calthrop, of Withern, Lincolnshire.

The first part of the lord chief justice's summing up in the celebrated case consisted of an analysis of Crippen's own story. After telling the jurors they must be satisfied upon the evidence the crown had made out, or otherwise the prisoner was entitled to acquittal, Lord Alverstone said the jury would agree that Crippen, if guilty, was an extraordinary man, who had committed a ghastly crime and had covered it up in most brutal and callous manner. If Crippen was innocent, the judge declared, it was impossible to fathom his mind.

The Place to Buy Cheap
—IS AT—
J. F. PARSONS'

5 DROPS
TRADE MARK
CURES
RHEUMATISM
LUMBAGO, SCIATICA
NEURALGIA and
KIDNEY TROUBLE

"5-DROPS" taken internally, rids the blood of the poisonous matter and acids which are the direct causes of these diseases. Applied externally it affords almost instant relief from pain, while a permanent cure is being effected by purifying the blood, dissolving the poisonous substance and removing it from the system.

DR. S. D. BLAND
Of Brewton, Ga., writes:
"I had been a sufferer for a number of years with Lumbago and Rheumatism in my arms and legs, and tried all the remedies that I could gather from medical works, and also consulted with a number of the best physicians, but found nothing that gave the relief obtained from "5-DROPS." I shall prescribe it in my practice for rheumatism and kindred diseases."

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If you are suffering with Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Trouble or any kindred disease, write to us for a trial bottle of "5-DROPS," and test it yourself.

"5-DROPS" can be used any length of time without acquiring a "drug habit," as it is entirely free of opium, cocaine, alcohol, laudanum, and other similar ingredients.

Large Size Bottle, "5-DROPS" (500 Doses) $1.00. For Sale by Druggists.

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THIS ad. is directed at the man who has all the business in his line in this community.
¶ Mr. Merchant—You say you've got it all. You're selling them all they'll buy, anyhow. But at the same time you would like more business.
¶ Make this community buy more.
¶ Advertise strongly, consistently, judiciously.
¶ Suppose you can buy a lot of washtubs cheap; advertise a big washtub sale in this paper. Put in an inviting picture of a washtub where people can see it the minute they look at your ad. Talk strong on washtubs. And you'll find every woman in this vicinity who has been getting along with a rickety washtub for years and years will buy a new one from you.
¶ That's creative business power.

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Passing encomiums, only over your store counter, about the quality of what you've got to sell, results in about as much satisfaction as your wife would get if you gave her a box of cigars for Christmas.

Advertising in This Paper
talks to everybody at once and makes them talk back with money.

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TRUE

If it's hot weather, advertise cool things, Mr. Merchant. When it's cold, boost warmth. You know what people want; when they want 'em.

Profit thereby. Send your copy to-day for your ad in this paper.

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MANEUVRING AN ARMY WITH AEROPLANES

NEW AND OLD METHODS OF CONVEYING INFORMATION IN WAR

THE great military manoeuvers in Picardy by the Second and Third Corps of the French army which took place early in September, probably were the most scientifically planned and executed of any of the great national war games that the nations of Europe have played as yet. In these manoeuvers the utility of aeroplanes and dirigibles for actual warfare was given its most severe test. The aeroplanes proved to be a most marvelous means for transmitting orders and unsurpassed for reconnoitering. The dirigibles were used in transmitting messages long distances. Paris was supposed to be beleaguered, and one of these giant cylindrical balloons was sent across the hills and plains and dropped safely to its appointed resting place in the heart of the French capital.

France has the greatest number of airmen employed in its army of any nation in the world. In the manoeuvers in Picardy eleven aeroplanes and four dirigibles were in use. As the result of these tests the French army's aerial fleet will be increased without delay. The military authorities already possess thirty aeroplanes, and orders have been given for thirty more to be delivered as soon as possible. They will consist of ten Bleriot monoplanes and twenty Farman biplanes, seven of which are to be capable of carrying two passengers, besides the pilot, and making a single flight of 180 miles at a minimum speed of thirty-six miles an hour. Prizes have been offered by the minister of war for machines that will fly in excess of this speed.

Never before has there been such a great contrast in mimic warfare as in these evolutions in Picardy. Moving along the highways were great automobile wagon trains loaded with supplies for the troops. Far in advance and high up in the air soared the aeroplanes. They seemed like huge-winged birds of prey hovering over the earth ready to swoop down when they sighted their quarry. In reality they were spying out the position of the opposing force which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been hidden by the contour of the country. The aeroplanes moved swiftly to and fro directing the slower progress of the foot soldiers and the cavalry and the supply trains. Because the air-men made the way sure and plain for those upon the earth, the troops lost no time or effort in aimless wanderings, but proceeded directly to their destination by the shortest route.

The first and most important principle of the art of war consists of concentrating at a given time at some point in contact with the enemy a force superior to his at that point. One eminent authority expressed it as the principle of "gittin' thar fust-test with the mostest men." The rest of the game of war is a relatively simple operation. It resolves itself into the mere question of comparative man-killing or man-scaring capacity. All other considerations being anywhere near equal, the question of being able to move rapidly is the thing that counts in war. The best of troops are worthless to a commander unless he can have them where he wants them when he wants them, and, moreover, in a condition to do what he wants them to do.

The fighting men are useless unless they can reach the place of conflict in time to take part in it, and they are equally without value if the effort to get there exhausts them. That is why the aeroplanes are so tremendously useful in spying out the location of the enemy and enabling the troops to reach that point with the very least amount of exertion.

But no matter how fast the troops may march they must be fed regularly. That is where the automobile supply trains come in—huge motor driven trucks that never grow tired. A bursting shell might disable the horses dragging the commissary wagons or the ammunition caissons, but it would take a well placed shot in a vital part of an automobile's machinery to put it out of commission. Then, too, a wounded horse cannot be repaired, but a wounded motor truck can be patched up unless it is blown into smithereens.

The problem of food supplies is one of the great things in war. It is an old and trite saying that an army really travels upon its belly. An army is a city flung down suddenly, over night, as it were, in the country. It moves day by day in such a manner as to require constant attention and changes of plan as to its subsistence. It cannot move a step faster than its food supply travels and it can maintain a position only as long as it is properly fed there. An army with a full stomach will fight every step of the way if it has to retreat. If it is hungry the retreat will be turned into a rout.

In the French army quite as much attention is paid to giving the soldiers the kind of food they have been accustomed to and plenty of it at regular intervals as to anything else. American army officers who have watched the big manoeuvers, like those in Picardy, say two Frenchmen can live well on what one American civilian cook wastes. Yet it is quite likely the French soldier can march as far and be just as fresh at the end of the journey as the American. The French are ahead of the Germans in the matter of cooking scientifically. Also the French soldier knows about as well as any in the world that his ration must be made to last for the full period of time for which it is issued, and that once it is eaten or wasted or given away the balance of the period will be a foodless one, be it twenty-four hours or three days.

This is an important thing for the soldier to realize, for the gross weight of one day's rations for an army of 150,000 men is 520,141 pounds. It takes more than 100 automobile trucks, such as those used for the French army, to haul a day's supplies of food. But all this vast machinery is necessary. Napoleon once said: "According to the laws of war every general who loses his lines of communication deserves death." For if once the foe successfully interrupts the flow of food to his opponent's firing line his victory is practically assured.

These great manoeuvers of large bodies of armed men are a common thing in Europe and are beginning to be common in this country. Civilians often wonder wherein is the sense of spending hours, days, weeks, teaching a man to stand in a certain fashion, to step in a certain way or to carry a gun in a certain manner. They ask themselves what difference it makes whether the soldier faces to the right or to the left about, or whether he rubs shoulders with the same man or a different one day after day. To these people it seems like a waste of time training large bodies of men to step a pace this way or that and to do it instinctively, automatically, always just the same, so they could not do it in any other way to save their lives. Yet although all this may seem trifling and purposeless it is like the interminable polishing and oiling of a delicate mechanism. It is the process by which is manufactured a human machine that will work cheerfully to exhaustion, starve without a murmur, or march up to the cannon's mouth merely because the voice they have been trained to recognize tells them to. It is the means by which the hallmark of proficiency is placed upon the professional soldier, and that is the ultimate end of these great manoeuvers.

"The Black Death"

The plague, or Asiatic cholera, or as it used to be called, "the black death," has been spreading of late in Europe.

In Russia, where the people are dirtiest and most superstitious, the plague thrives best. Seventy thousand persons are known to have died of this attack in Russia already.

This is not surprising, for the inhabitants, instead of cleaning their wells, cleaning their bodies, and using their brains, get out the little ikons or images which the Greek church sells at a considerable profit, and to these little images superstitious peasants pray—the prayers being interrupted in thousands of cases by death from the plague.

There is nothing more tragic in all the history of man than the record of "the black death" in Europe.

In the fourteenth century one epidemic after another spread among the people. Twenty-five millions of human beings are believed to have perished in this single series of epidemics.

The rich and the poor alike were affected. In Oxford two-thirds of the student population died.

In Constantinople the people died at the rate of 10,000 a day.

Charms, incantations, fear, filth, ignorance and superstition fed the disease.

Curious results came of the long period of panic and of dying.

The famous "dance of death," in which desperate human beings parodied and made fun of the plague, illustrating the "dance of death" with grinning skulls and skeletons, was one feature of the epidemic.

Another, curiously enough, was in England, the tremendous rise in the cost of labor. The workmen died so fast that there were few left to do the work, and, following the law of supply and demand, the few that could work were offered extravagant wages—although laws were passed to keep the wages down. And it is said that this sudden rise in wages laid the foundation of the emancipation of working people in England.

The plague in Europe appears now in the old familiar way—breaking out here and there, always in filth and in ignorance, spreading gradually.

The disease is not thoroughly understood now. But the method of fighting it is understood. The people must be well fed—a strong man may have the disease germs with him, resist them and rid his system of them. The weak, half-fed man dies—that is why the plague was often so violent in the old days just after a famine.

As far back as the fourteenth century Gabriel de Mussis observed that those who escaped the plague gave it to others with whom they came in contact.

They gave it to others because they had the plague within themselves; their essential tract was infected with the disease, and this disease they scattered.

It is some comfort to know that the disease can only be acquired by actually swallowing the disease germs. The man who will be sufficiently careful need not get the plague.

If you will drink only water that you know to be clean, and only from vessels that you know to be clean; if you eat no fruit that has not been carefully cooked, or carefully peeled with an absolutely clean knife, and if all the food that you eat is well cooked and eaten when freshly cooked, you will not get the plague.

The main thing is not to worry about it in this country. There is little chance, probably no possibility whatever, of a plague of the old kind among us.

The work that is not done by the little sacred images of the Russian peasants is done very well by good sewers, plenty of disinfectants, plenty of soap and hot water, and a little common sense.

Does Opposition Create Love?

There is one thing that parents and guardians never seem to learn, and that is, how opposition fans the flame of love.

Charley is not rich enough to satisfy their ideal of the man who shall marry pretty Molly—or James, perchance is too young, or too something else to their minds.

Forthwith one or the other young man is criticised, sniffed at and generally belittled—with the inevitable result that Molly becomes his champion and loves him a thousands times better for every sharp word or snub that he receives.

And even more apparent is the result when a mother and sister strive to turn the current of a son and brother's love. Every chivalrous impulse carries him to the side of the girl who is abused, and drives him, perhaps, to the very end against which his family is struggling.

BREEDING PEDIGREE STOCK IS HIGHLY PROFITABLE

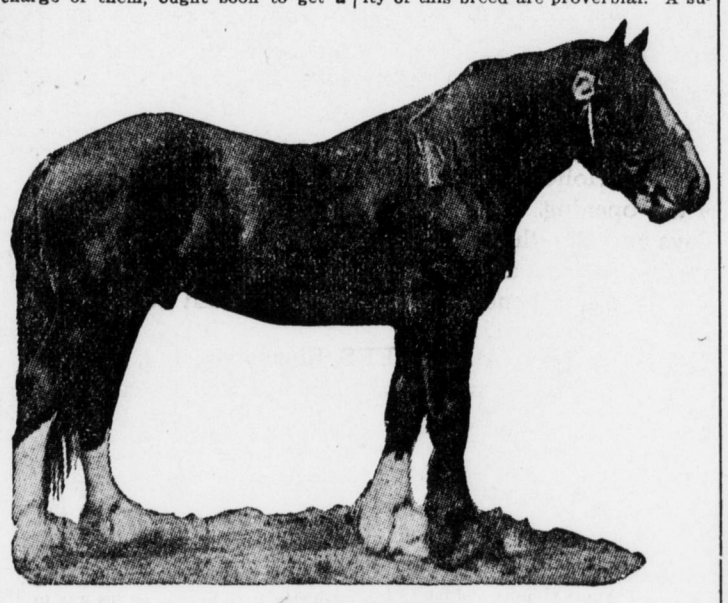
Man Must be Lover of Animals and Possess More Than Ordinary Amount of Patience if He Is to Become a Prosperous Breeder.

Perhaps of all branches of farming breeding pedigree livestock is the most interesting, and, in addition, it has the further recommendation that when properly conducted it is profitable. I know that many persons have dropped money, and some large amounts, over pedigree stock; but I could name several tenant farmers who have weathered bad times and are today in a prosperous condition, thanks mainly to this industry. A man must be a lover of animals and possess a more than ordinary amount of patience if he is to become a prominent breeder, says a writer in Country Life. Furthermore, unless he is able to place a large amount of capital in the business he must be prepared to lock his money up for some years. Those who can afford to buy the best-bred and most typical animals of any breed as foundation stock, and who are content to pay good salaries and wages to competent men to take charge of them, ought soon to get a good return for their investment. Persons with limited means must be satisfied to start with a few animals less perfect in type and conformation or with aged individuals which can be picked up for comparatively little money, and then gradually breed up a stud herd or flock. The latter plan, unless one is a good judge of stock and a practical farmer, is the one I should advise. Clever and experienced breeders are apt to make mistakes in buying, mating and rearing their stock and a novice is sure to purchase his experience very dearly if he starts breeding on too large a scale.

The situation and soil of one's farm should govern, to a great extent, the variety of stock which it is decided to keep. Lincoln sheep, for instance, would not pay to rear on the mountains where the Scotch black-faced mountain or the Herdwick breeds exist. Or, again, the hardy Southdown thrives on the short, scanty herbage that grows on his native hills, where larger sheep would starve. Many breeds of livestock appear to be specially adapted to the locality in which they are born, and one always runs a risk when introducing a fresh variety of animals into any county.

Not only does it take some time for a breed new to the district to become acclimated, but it is always difficult to dispose of one's surplus stock in a neighborhood where it is not the fashion. It is true that some breeds seem to flourish almost anywhere, notably shorthorn cattle and Shire horses; but an owner of Shires who brings them up on light, thin-skinned land is severely handicapped when his horses come into the show-ring. He then finds that his rivals who occupy stiffer and richer soil can produce animals with more bone and hair than he can. Large, well-shaped feet, plenty of bone and good joints are absolutely necessary nowadays on a first-class animal of this breed.

Shire horses are especially adapted for town work and for hauling heavy loads, and one can judge from the photograph of this strong, heavy and yet compact mare how suitable this breed is for that purpose. The Clydesdales are not such massive horses as are the Shires, neither are they so large in the bone, but the strength and slope of their pasterns and the activity of this breed are proverbial. A superabundance of hair on a Clydesdale's legs is not considered necessary, as it is on those of the Shire; this can be seen by glancing at the illustration of Royal Guest, the champion Clydesdale stallion at this year's Royal. The Suffolk horse is preferred when quite clean-legged, i. e., with no long hair on his legs. It is a very active, quick animal, with any amount of pluck and endurance, and no breed is better suited for farmwork. Suffolks, like Clydesdales, are also suitable for working in towns, where strong, quick-moving horses are needed. Suffolk horses have been known to live to a great age, and longevity is claimed to be a special feature of this breed.



Champion Clydesdale.

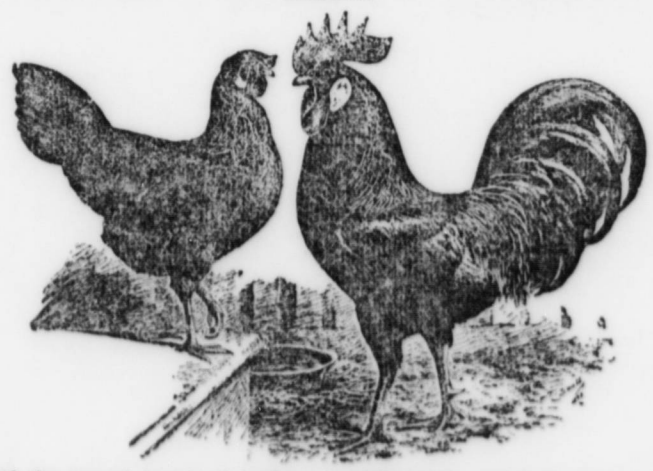
Horseflesh Consumption.

Horseflesh is very generally advertised in the German newspapers, especially in those of the large industrial centers, and most German cities have at least one market which makes it a specialty, claiming for it a higher percentage of nourishment than that of either beef, veal, mutton or pork.

Water Sprouts.

Do not neglect to cut off the water sprouts on the trunks of young apple, pear and plum trees.

SEVERAL KINDS OF LEGHORN



Of the several breeds of Leghorn, the white is the most popular and the brown next, says the Farm Poultry. The Buff Leghorns of the best strains have about all the good qualities of the white variety and are fast gaining popularity, the color being more attractive to some tastes. The Black and Dominique Leghorns also have their advocates. Each of the Leghorns, although naturally having single combs, are bred also with rose combs. The rose comb is obtained by introduction of Hamburg blood, and the result is in general a tendency to smaller bodies and smaller eggs in the rose comb varieties. The single combs vary greatly in size and weight, according to strain. Some of the larger strains are almost equal in size to the average of some of the medium weight breeds, and it is claimed that the size is not obtained at the expense of laying powers. The Leghorns, like most of the breeds, need to be bred with care to prevent the tendency to smaller sizes. Small bodies, pinched or cramped in shape, are considered undesirable, as tending to small eggs and lack of constitution.

Eight or ten years ago Leghorn cockerels were in considerable demand for crossing. The Leghorn and Brahma cross, Leghorn and Wyandotte, or Leghorn and Plymouth Rock were preferred by many poultrymen to breed crossbred chickens for broilers and roasters, and of late years the tendency of the poultry plants seems to be toward the use of one or another of the pure breeds. Cross breeding is more trouble and results less uniform than from the pure breeds.

"Lame Leg Well"

"I wish to say that I have used Sloan's Liniment on a lame leg that has given me much trouble for six months. It was so bad that I couldn't walk sometimes for a week. I tried doctors' medicine and had a rubber bandage for my leg, and bought everything that I heard of, but they all did me no good, until at last I was persuaded to try Sloan's Liniment. The first application helped it, and in two weeks my leg was well."—A. L. HUNTER, of Hunter, Ala.

Good for Athletes.

Mr. K. GILMAN, instructor of athletics, 417 Warren St., Roxbury, Mass., says:—"I have used

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

with great success in cases of extreme fatigue after physical exertion, when an ordinary rub-down would not make any impression."

Sloan's Liniment has no equal as a remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia or any pain or stiffness in the muscles or joints.

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Sloan's book on horses, cattle, sheep and poultry sent free. Address

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At the One Horse.

Jere L. Sullivan, the head of the Hotel and Restaurant Employees' International alliance, said in Cincinnati, apropos of Labor day:

"Our American hotels are better than they used to be, and for this betterment my organization deserves no little credit.

"We have today no such hotels as the One Horse of Tin Can, where, if you asked for a bath, they used to give you a shovel and tell you to go down to the hollow and dam the creek.

"An English earl once visited the One Horse hotel. The landlord without ceremony led him outside, pointed to a window on the fifth floor, and said:

"'Thar's yer room.'"

Schurz Was Sure of Him.

Carl Schurz was dining one night with a man who had written a book of poems, so called, and who was pleased with himself.

The poet was discoursing on the time-worn topic of politics of the men who take office.

"I consider politics and politicians beneath my notice," he said. "I do not care for office. I wouldn't be a senator or cabinet officer, and I doubt if I could be tempted by the offer of the presidency. For the matter of that, I would rather be known as a third-rate poet than a first-rate statesman."

"Well, aren't you?" Schurz shouted at him.

HEALTH AND INCOME
Both Kept Up on Scientific Food.

Good sturdy health helps one a lot to make money.

With the loss of health one's income is liable to shrink, if not entirely dwindle away.

When a young lady has to make her own living, good health is her best asset.

"I am alone in the world," writes a Chicago girl, "dependent on my own efforts for my living. I am a clerk, and about two years ago through close application to work and a boarding-house diet, I became a nervous invalid, and got so bad off it was almost impossible for me to stay in the office a half day at a time.

"A friend suggested to me the idea of trying Grape-Nuts food which I did, making it a large part of at least two meals a day.

"Today, I am free from brain-tire, dyspepsia, and all the ills of an overworked and improperly nourished brain and body. To Grape-Nuts I owe the recovery of my health, and the ability to retain my position and income.

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

ESTABLISHED, 1866.

Cameron County Press

HENRY H. MULLIN,
Editor and Proprietor

ORVILLE PROUDFOOT, Assistant and Manager
RAYMOND KLEES, Assistant Foreman.
W. SCOTT STERNER, Assistant Local Editor.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

Breezy County News

CAMERON

Mrs. J. E. Lester returned home from Harrison Valley Monday.

Frank Sullivan had the misfortune to injure a finger on Monday, while at work on the railroad by a rail falling on it.

We are glad to mention that C. B. Potter is much improved in health at this writing.

Mrs. Sam'l Hicks, who has been quite ill, is improving.

Miss Della Walker visited with Sadie Comley over Sunday.

Leonard Burlingame of Detroit, Mich., is visiting friends here.

Mrs. Fred Comley visited at Emporium on Friday.

Oren Bagley of Sterling Run visited in town one day last week.

Mr. Evans of Sterling Run called on friends Saturday evening.

Rosa Lord visited at Sterling Run last Friday.

Fred Armstromg called on friends here one day last week.

Mrs. Henry Morse visited at Emporium last Saturday.

Robert Boyd returned home Monday from Hicks Run.

Miss Clara Entrance of Emporium, visited with friends here Sunday.

Mary Stuart visited her parents Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Etta Comley called on Sterling Run friends Monday.

Josephine Holens of Calder, visited her sister Mrs. G. L. Page on Friday.

Edith Lupole has returned home from Driftwood, where she has been visiting the past week.

If some people in our town would attend to their own business as well as they attend others, I am sure it would be much better for their own welfare.

R. B. B. Crum of Sinnamahoning, visited with Albert Lord over Sunday.

A number of hunters haye been visiting in town.

A party of young folks from Emporium called at E. F. Comley's and partook of a chicken and oyster supper on Monday evening. All declare they had a pleasant time.

The concert held on our streets Monday evening was enjoyed by all.

DAISY.

DRIFTWOOD.

The Odd Fellows' Annual Banquet was served in Mr. Riley's dining room, in the evening of Dec. 1, by the Ladies Aid Society.

Eighty-six guests were present including Driftwood Lodge, and visitors from Renovo, Emporium, Sinnamahoning, Austin, Benezette and Karthus. The tables were beautifully decorated with chrysanthemums, ferns and carnations.

The toastmaster was Theodore W. Nicholas, of Renovo. Speeches were given by Mr. Beckman, Rev. Batten, Messrs. Morton, Geo. L. Smith, Young and others.

Mrs. Muttersbaugh has been ill during the last few days.

A number of young ladies were pleasantly entertained at the home of Mrs. Dr. Corbett on Saturday evening. Among those present were Misses Laura and Flora McDonald, Martha Gleason, Rotha Kreider, Carrie and Bertha Corbett, Martha Osborn, Clara Miller, and Mrs. Bruce Polm. After some time doing fancy work, refreshments were served. A very enjoyable time was reported.

Mrs. Russell, of Philadelphia, and her son, Mr. C. L. P. Russell, of this place, left on Saturday for St. Marys, where they will visit for a few days.

Mrs. L. W. Gleason with her daughter Ruth, left on Wednesday last to visit her daughter Celia, who is attending school in New York city.

Mr. Briner, of Emporium, spent an evening of last week in Driftwood.

Mr. Eldred Kreider was a visitor in Emporium on Sunday.

Mr. Edgar, of Emporium, sang a solo in St. James Catholic Church, this place, on Sunday morning.

Miss Elsie Pepperman of Hicks Run, was in town on Saturday morning.

Mr. Walter Yothers, from the South, has been in town a few days.

The new Supervisor, Mr. Considine, Pennsylvania R. R., Division No. Eight, was to take charge of his position Monday.

Mrs. Weaver, of this place, died Friday last and was buried Monday in St. James Catholic Cemetery.

XXX

Counsil Brothers

SINNAMAHONING, PA.

Re-Opening of the New Store.

Our new store is completed and Wednesday, Dec. 14th, 1910, will mark the opening to the general public. We are proud of this store because we think it is the most up-to-date and convenient General Store in this county. By reason of the fire, which destroyed our place of business on Aug, 16th, 1910, we have been greatly handicapped in our efforts to serve the public and we take this occasion to thank our patrons for their forbearance and kindness.

The floor space which we now occupy will enable us to present to the public a line ot goods covering the entire field of merchandise. This line of merchandise will be of the dependable kind, fresh and new and our prices will be found right. Our service will be strictly honorable and if any patron finds it necessary to send their children to our store we assure them of satisfactory service in every instance. Anything bought here will be cheerfully exchanged, or money refunded, if not satisfactory.

Our Holiday Goods will be on display at the time of the opening. We have a large line of Candies, Toys and Playthings tor the little ones. We want the people, one and all, to come and inspect this new store. We will endeavor to make it pleasant for you all.

COUNSIL BROTHERS, Sinnamahoning, Pa.

NORTH CREEK.

Willis McClenahan made a business trig to Emporium, Wednesday.

Clive Lewis and Garnie Housler were seen on our streets of Thursday.

Warren Moore visited with Fred Solveson Monday returning home Tuesday.

Mrs. Spence and son Will, who were guests of Mrs. Annie Housler and family returned to their home in Emporium, Saturday.

Fred Solveson visited the city Saturday.

Hazel Chandler visited friends on West Creek and in Emporium Monday.

F. A. Lewis, V. M. Dow, and W. F. Lewis were in town Saturday.

Mr. Ledbetter, of Rich Valley, called on friends here Sunday.

Thomas Britton and Everal Housler visited the city Tuesday.

F. A. Lewis attended Farmer's Institute in the Rich Valley church Friday.

Wm. F. Lewis and wife were in Emporium Sunday. Mrs. L. is on the sick list and called to consult a doctor.

J. W. Lewis, Henry Carter, and W. Smith were city visitors recently.

Mrs. Mame Swesey called on her mother, grandma Carter, Sunday.

Anna Bates is making an extensive visit with her parents in Plank Road Hollow.

Mrs. Chas. Barr is able to be about again after a fight with pneumonia.

Olive Cool visited the city Saturday and spent Saturday night with her aunt, Mrs. Dow.

Fred Solveson contemplates a visit to the South.

Merlin Housle, Ed. and daughter, Myrtle, visited the city Tuesday.

Harry McClenahan visited with Ralph Woodcock at the home of May McClenahan, Saturday and Sunday.

John McClenahan was seen on our streets recently.

Dec. 7, 1910. BLUE JAY.

CAMERON.

John McFadden was working at Hicks Run several days last week.

J. W. Harvey visited friends at Arcade, N. Y., a few days this week.

W. H. G. Walker was an Emporium visitor Tuesday.

Mrs. J. E. Lester returned from York State recently.

E. D. Krape was an Emporium caller Thursday last.

Mrs. Adam Feidler, returned home Tuesday from a visit of several days in Clinton county.

William Wykoff returned home Sunday from a week's stay in Dent's Run, where he was trapping.

J. E. Lester says he has the champion hog of the season—tips the scales at 500lbs. Who can beat Jake?

Grant Hart of Sterling Run, was a caller in town several days this week.

Mrs. Joseph Yocum was a calier at Sterling Run, between trains, Tuesday.

Frank J. Sullivan has been walking track the past few nights, relieving J. R. Strawbridge, who has been under the weather.

Miss Collins, county Supt. called on the schools at this place last week.

Warren McConnell and J. E. Lester have been sawing ties the part few days.

Fred Armstrong was a caller in town Tuesday. Come again, Fred.

Mrs. E. F. Comley was an Emporium caller recently. XXX.

CAMERON.

Sleighing next in order.

Wm. Fox and E. D. Krape were Driftwood callers Thursday evening.

J. F. Sullivan is relieving operator Harvey, while the latter if off on his vacation.

Dick Crum, of Sinnamahoning, drove through this place Sunday on his way to Emporium.

Several of our old children are down with the whooping cough.

The hunters from this place, who stopped at Carwine's on their deer (dear) hunt, are still talking about the fine soup they received.

Ye scribe received a fine venison steak for his breakfast the other morning, from Mr. Moore; already fried and ready to be eaten. Gee! But it was good. Mr. Moore, of First Fork, was the donator. Thanks, John.

Robt. Boyd, who has been employed in Howard's camp, returned home Tuesday.

Wm. Wykoff, who has been hunting in Hicks Run, returned home Tuesday with a fine bunch of game.

Sheriff Norris visited this place Tuesday.

Dan. Sullivan, Sr., again saw that flock of pigs pass over Cameron Tuesday, while returning from Sterling Run.

Edith Lupole returned home from Driftwood to spend Christmas.

Frank Sullivan and Ed. Stuart are the champion fortune-teller; telling your past, present and future free of charge. Now is you chance, girls.

Dec. 6, 1910. LOUISE.

SINNAMAHONING.

Mrs. C. W. Gray spent Wednesday in Emporium.

Mrs. Chas. Meixell shopped in Emporium, Thursday.

Dr. C. W. Gray, Messrs. VanWert, Shaffer, Kinsley, Strayer, Walker and Krebs, have gone to New York on a business.

James Wykoff was out of town over Sunday.

Wm. VanWert spent Saturday in Emporium.

Nathan Silin and family visited friends in Sterling Run, on Sunday.

Mrs. Wm. Piper, of Renovo, visited her parents on Monday.

C. W. Loveland, of Muncy, called on friends in town, Monday evening.

Mrs. Fink, of Punxsutawney, visited her sister, Mrs. Josephine Shirk, who has been very ill, but is now convalesing.

Mrs. A. H. Shafer, of Ridgway, has been caring for her sister during her illness.

Miss Grugan, who has been visiting at the home of Hon. D. P. Baird, has returned to her home in Milton.

Mrs. Lena Krebs, spent Tuesday in Emporium.

Mrs. Frank Wolfe and Mrs. O. L. Bailey, shopped in Emporium Tuesday.

Miss Grace Baird is visiting her sister at Johnsonburg.

Arthur Barclay visited the county seat on Tuesday.

Miss Myrtle Baird, visited in Ridgway Tuesday.

A. H. Shafer, of Ridgeway, stopped in town between trains Tuesday.

J. Hawley Baird is spending this week in New York.

Nov. 29, 1910. X.Y.Z.

SINNAMAHONING.

A. J. Barclay, Amos Bennett and Herman Losey were visitors at Emporium, Tuesday.

Misses Lillie and Addie Berfield are visiting friends at Berg's Run, last week.

Miss Fannie Peorith visited her parents at Lick Island, Monday.

Mildred Haynes visited friends in town over Sunday.

Harry Elliot, Forestry officer, was up to Lorshbaugh, last Saturday.

O. R. McCoole is putting up a barber shop near Counsil Brothers new store.

Geo. P. Shafer was in Emporium several days last week.

W. H. VanWert, Supt. and several employees of the Sinnamahoning Powder Company, were called to New York city this week on business.

J. R. Batchelder, assessor of Grove, was a caller up the First Fork on Tuesday.

C. E. Logue, of First Fork, reports lots of bears but they are hard to get. deer have been plenty and a good many have been killed during the season.

L. C. Wykoff, of Lorshbaugh, was a caller on Tuesday.

Joel Bushore visited his family the first of the week.

F. L. Miller butchered two fine hogs a day or two ago.

J. Henry Logue and James Donley came in from Hunter's Rest with a large bear last week. It tipped the scales at 240 pounds.

V. Dale Crum captured a fine bear while hunting deer in Jerry Run. It was under an old root laid up for the winter.

Seveval of the members of 1138 I. O. O. F., took in the turkey supper at Driftwood last Thursday evening, guests of Driftwood Lodge, No. 994. All report having a good time.

Mignon Rebekah Lodge, No. 395, of this place, is getting along nicely and are taking in new members right along.

The bean bake and smoker of Washington Camp, No. 136, P. O. S. of A., Monday evening, was a success. All present had a fine time.

Camp No. 122, P. O. of A., will hold one of their pleasant socials next Tuesday evening.

An entertainment of home talent will be given at Logue's Hall on Wednesday evening. The proceeds are to get Christmas treats for the Sunday school children.

Fulton Brothers are doing the painting and decorating for Counsil Brothers new store.

About 60 deer were captured in Grove township this season and the most of them were big fellows.

A good many bears have been seen in the woods this fall, but few have been killed as they keep on the side hills, where the brush is thick.

If we could have the fires and dogs kept out of the woods, we would have lots of game in a few years, as both bear and deer like to stay where the timber and brush are thick.

This year rabbits have been more plenty than for several years.

Several of the farmers up the First Fork, who left their corn in the field to go hunting, will have cold fingers husking corn these cold days.

DEBSE.

SIZERVILLE.

Many from here contemplate going to see "Reuben" at the opera house, Dec. 9th. Reuben will enjoy the meeting.

Steve VanWert just returned today from visiting his sister, Mrs. Phil Holland, of W. N. Y. fame, she being seriously ill at their home near Buffalo. Steve says Phil has not forgotten friends of years ago, when he pulled the throttle at 60 miles an hour clip.

The ever genial H. C. Crawford was in town Tuesday looking his land lines over. "Hank" has an eye to business yet, and is likely to produce some in the near future. He has just returned from an extensive southern trip.

Mr. E. Victory started Wednesday morning on an extended visit to his old home in northern Maine. Best wishes follow him.

The P. R. R., and contractors Anderson Bro's., are grading a new switch just north of the depot in close proximity to the public road, a convenience which will be appreciated by the pusher men and public at large.

Mr. Hibbs, time keeper, for Anderson Bro's., has been assigned bookkeeper in charge of Anderson Bro's. business He finds his time fully occupied with the large correspondence and other duties involved.

Messrs. Caton & Co., expect to finish sawing Sheriff Norris's stock this week. Considering the weather and muddy logs, they have made a very successful run the past three months, and manufactured an excellent quality of lumber. They expect to make a larger contract for another year.

Crum Bro's are better than ever prepared to furnish their customers with everything suitable for Xmas presents. Every department—grocery, ladies fancy goods, cloaks, coats, shoes and dress goods, in fact anything and everything your wife, daughter or sweetheart might desire. The men folks all know what a complete line we carry to suit them.

We hear many friends of the big Chicago houses say they hope their dreams that the "parcel-post bill may become a reality next session of Congress, so they can get their 11lbs. through for 15 or 20 cents by mail, so they can show the express companies and local dealers they're not in it, and we think they will, There is much opposition being shown in the eastern states already. What the outcome will be remains for merchants and express companies to see,

Dec 7, 1910 XXX

STERLING RUN.

Mrs. W. M. Summerson and son Kenneth, of Hicks Run, were guests of Mrs. C. G. Howlett recently.

Born, Sunday, to Mort Dininny and wife, a boy. Mort is very proud of the young man and says he has more work to do now than a Philadelphia lawyer.

Mrs. J. R. Strawbridge, who has been quite ill for a week, is able to be out again.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, of Westport, were guests of the latter's uncle, John May and family, over Sunday.

Miss Marion Whiting had to have her valuable dog Rex shot last Friday. He got fast in a trap and was so cross no one could get near enough to get him out.

Mrs. Simbeck and family, of Canoe Run, moved here Saturday, in one of the Mt. Hope Coal Co's houses.

A. L. Barr received word Saturday that his brother-in-law, Prof. Johnson, was dead. He was a fine musician and went by the name of "Blind Charlie." He was well known in this county. Has a wife and two children buried at the old Pine Street Cemetery.

We understand that Mrs. N. E. Taylor received word from her brother, John on Tuesday. She has not heard from him for years and thought he was dead.

John Housler left Tuesday for Buffalo, where he expects to undergo an operation.

BLUE BELL.

HOWARD SIDING.

Mrs. M. E. Close spent a few days in Beechwood last week and attended the Farmer's Institute which was held at the Truman school house last Saturday afternoon. It was a very interesting meeting and there was a good attendance.

Quite a number from Howard Siding attended the funeral of Joe Cook last Sunday afternoon at Truman.

Miss Edna Horning spent Thanksgiving at Port Allegany, also visited in Olean a few days.

Mrs. Burt Close spent Monday in Emporium.

Miss Nora Ostrum and Mrs. Close attended the revival services at Beechwood on Sunday evening. Rev. Lehman preached an excellent sermon. Seven persons went to the altar.

X.X.

HUNTLEY.

B. J. Collins returned from Conneaut, Ohio, on Monday, where he had been visiting with his brother.

C. J. Miller is busily engaged these days, making the assessments for Gibson township.

Miss Mattie Collins, County Supt., of Emporium, was the guest of her brother, B. J. Collins over Sunday.

W. H. Logue, B. J. Collins and C. J. Miller attended the banquet given by the members of the I. O. O. F., at Driftwood, on Thursday evening. All enjoyed a pleasant time.

Adam Probst and F. L. Spencer, of Renovo, and Wayne Nelson, of this place, had the pleasure of enjoying a fine rabbit hunt at this place, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. They secured fifteen cotton tails.

Viola Smith, daughter of Alvin Smith, of Sinnamahoning, was the guest of A. W. Smith and family over Sunday.

Mr. R. B. B. Crum, of Sinnamahoning, was seen on our streets on Sunday.

H. F. Smith, of Sterling Run, was the guest of A. W. Smith Sunday. A. W. and H. F. expect to take a big bear hunt in the near future.

W. A. Nelson and Walter Logue left for Hicks Run on Monday, where they expect to work for the lumber company at that place.

Miss Hazel Billings, of Driftwood, was the guest of her grandfather, Wm. Kailbourn, over Sunday.

L. H. Smith is busily engaged in building an addition to W. H. Logue's house.

Cale Swartz and wife of Sterling Run were callers in town Sunday.

Darius Ives and Miss Carrie Hill, of Grove Hill, passed through our town on Friday.

Dec. 5, 1910. SPORT.

Take This Home and Try it on Your Piano.

When in doubt, get her a spoon. That may sound frivolous, but if you will stop, think, and question, you will find it the soundest advise you have had this Christmas season. For instance, is there anything a woman thinks more of than her table, with its silver and glass? No! Well to get a whole set of solid silver is quite an outlay, but you can get at Metzger's Jewelry Store a single spoon of any of the standard patterns, and you can always have them, one year after another, not only in spoons but in any of the hundred and one odd pieces, as well as forks, knives and ladles, and the expense is so little that you can afford to make extra presents on all the little anniversaries, and behold before you miss the money your wife has a respectable lot of solid silver, that is good, not only for her life time but for two or three generations after. 42-4t.

A Steady Drain.

Sick Kidneys Weaken the Whole Body—Make you Ill, Languid and Distressed.

Sick kidneys weaken the body through the continual drainage of life-giving albumen from the blood into the urine, and the substitution of poisonous uric acid that goes broad-cast through the system, sowing the seeds of disease. Loss of albumen causes weakness, languor, depression. Uric poisoning causes rheumatic pain, nervousness, nausea, cricks in the back, gravel and kidney stones. The proper treatment is a kidney treatment, and the best remedy is Doan's Kidney Pills. Great Emporium cures prove it.

Lee Halderman, Allegany Ave., Emporium, Pa., says: "I have used Doan's Kidney Pills and have found them to be a cure for backache and pains in the loins. I also know that this remedy acts as a tonic to the whole system."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents, Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

For Sale.

A combination billiard and pool table for home use, Complete outfit, practically new, at a bargain. Apply to Leon R. Felt, Emporium, Pa.

n42-tf

Canary Birds

If you wish a Canary for Xmas, consult us. We are on the job with a fine imported stock.

Dodson's Drug Store

Reduction in Hardware

A big reduction of 20 per cent. will be made on all enamel and tin ware and in fact all articles in the hardware line. Save a dollar here on every five dollar purchase. A trial will convince you.

F. W. Dininny

BROAD STREET.

Good Old Santa Clause

is going on his rounds again and he will be sure to make a visit to our store where we have a superb stock of Xmas goods for you to select from. Perfumes in fancy boxes, manicure, toilet and shaving sets, cigars, candy and Xmas post cards are some of the dainty and handsome articles that you can choose from for gifts at

Emporium Drug Co.

Phone, 52

H. S. LLOYD

The First Requisite

in letter writing is that the paper used be above criticism.

Your stationary should reflect your taste, character and refinement, and convey your personality.

The Eaton, Crane Pike Writing Paper are always the first choice of discriminating people. They are by far the finest social correspondence papers made. They are first in quality, and absolutely correct in style. Thsir artistic and painty boxing adds much to their general attractiveness.

Come in and let us show you our line of the justly popular EATON CRANE & PIKE papers.

H. S. LLOYD, Masonic block

OUR
STYLE SHOW IS ON

Alfred Benjamin & Co's
New York Styles
Correct Clothes for Men
and Young Men for the
Spring Season of 1910

Suits and Overcoats from . . . . . $10 to 22
Boys and Children's Suits from . . . . $2 to $6

Full line of Furnishings, Hats, Caps and DOUGLAS SHOES.

R. SEGER & CO
EMPORIUM, PA.

Benjamin Clothes
Alfred Benjamin & Co MAKERS NEW YORK

HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED HOW YOUR UNDERWEAR SHRINKS after the first trip to the wash tub? You will then appreciate the advantage of the quality of our $1.00 to $1.50 grade all-wool under-wear. Just the sort you ought to wear in the snapping cold weather that is coming soon. Absorbs perspiration, prevents colds and pneumonia.

Home of Hart, Shaffner & Marx Clothes

Jasper Harris,

The People's Clothing House

Opposite Post Office, EMPORIUM PA.

PATENTS

Prize Offers from Leading Manufacturers

Book on patents. "Hints to inventors." "Inventions needed." "Why some inventors fail." Send rough sketch or model for search of Patent Office records. Our Mr. Greeley was formerly. Acting Commissioner of Patents, and as such had full charge of the U. S. Patent Office.

GREELEY & McINTIRE
PATENT ATTORNEYS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

If you have anything to be printed bring it to this office.

THE CHRISTMAS BURGLAR MAN

"Is your father at home, kid?"

He was not altogether an unpleasant looking man who addressed the question to a fair haired child alone on the veranda of a suburban villa late in the afternoon of the day before Christmas.

The little girl stopped playing, frowned prettily and answered:

"My name's Muriel, not kid, and my papa never gets home till long after I've gone to bed. What's your name?"

The hulking fellow averted his eyes and answered her question by asking another.

"Who else lives with you?"

"Oh, my little brother—you haven't seen him, have you?—my mamma and Mary. Mary's the servant, you know."

"Good day, young 'un," said the tramp as he ambled away.

"Muriel I'm called!" she shouted after him. "Will you come again?"

"Thank'ee; I reckon I will," he answered.

* * * * * * * *

"Oh, wait a minute, papa; I'm so sleepy!"

Muriel knelt up in her little bed, rubbed her eyes and shook her golden curls out. It was midnight. Having

"WHERE ARE YOU GOING NOW?" SHE ASKED.

completely recovered from dreamland, she looked at the tall figure beside her bed and gasped with delight when she realized that her long cherished desire was going to be carried out. Papa had often promised to play at burglars with her, and there he was, quite ready, with the black mask covering his eyes and a little lantern that gave only a wee light.

"Oh, papa," she cried, "you do look a funny burglar! We'll take ma's jewelry first. Won't she be surprised?"

The midnight intruder nodded.

"Where does ma keep it, Muriel?" he asked. "Burglars don't know where things are, you know. That's half the fun of it, eh?"

"Oh, you are funny, papa! Let's whisper softer. It's on the dressing table in one of the little drawers. S-s-sh!"

Muriel felt herself lifted shoulder high.

"Now, then, ki—Muriel," he whispered, "when we pass your mamma's room, ki—Muriel, you just point to it and keep as quiet as a mouse. That's the proper way, isn't it?"

She nodded delightedly and did as he wished.

"Where are you going now?" she asked almost inaudibly as she was being carried downstairs.

"Why, somebody must keep watch. Don't you know that one burglar takes the things while another keeps watch?"

He carried her down into the cellar. It was very dark and cold, but Muriel said she wasn't afraid because they were only playing burglars.

"Now, then, ki—Muriel," he whispered, "you keep watch and don't make a noise." He slipped into her tiny hand one small bar of chocolate. "That's your share of the swag," he said and disappeared.

Muriel giggled when she thought of mamma's surprise. She listened a long time for return footsteps and wondered, after all, if papa had been caught. She was not at all comfortable, nor was she warm, and a few minutes later her pretty eyes closed, her head dropped, and she drifted into dreamland. Then she was awakened by her father. The mask was gone from the face, and he looked pale and troubled.

"Oh, you've come back!" she whispered, remembering the last caution she had received.

"Why are you here, dearie?" asked her father.

"You brought me, papa. Don't you remember—when we were playing burglars?"

Muriel's father telephoned to the police and reported the strange burglary. In the morning he spent an hour in convincing his little girl that he was not the man who wore the mask.

"Well, papa," she said in the end, "he was a very good Christmas burglar, wasn't he?"

Books as Christmas Gifts.

It is a great mistake to choose Christmas books entirely by covers and guesswork, and it is well to remember that it is better to postpone a gift for a few days rather than to buy a poor book. If you feel that you must buy books without reading them you can at least select something published by firms of good reputation, knowing that they will be careful what is sent out under their names.

1904 1910

Thomas H. Norris

Cheerful Greeting to All

Great Family Bargain House

Since our last greeting to our customers the fire demon completely wiped out the store of Thompkins & Norris and from those ashes arose the new firm of your humble servant, who extends his heartfelt thanks to his kind friends and numbrous customers for their confidence and good will. This season of good cheer and good will we desire to inform you all that this house of Honorable Dealing continues to enlarge its capacity and add to every department, SEASONABLE, DEPENDABLE AND THE BEST.

Our Grocery and Provision Department is Replete with the Best and Purest

Fruits, Nuts, Figs, Dates	Special for the Holidays Choice Oranges	Choicest Candies, Purest, Guaranteed

Our Complete Store and Large Line of Goods Renders it impossible to enumerate our goods. We have everything the family requires at the lowest possible price and guarantee every purchase.

As Usual we Sell to Churches, Sunday Schools and Xmas Festivals at Wholesale Prices

Our Dry Goods and Fancy Goods Department offers many attractive bargains. The children have been cared for as usual and we call especial attention to our line of TOYS and CANDIES. The men can be made happy with numerous serviceable articles

No Cold Storage Here

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With kindest regards and wishing all a Very Merry Chistmas and Happy New Year, I remain

Yours to serve,
THOS. H. NORRIS.

Phone No. 109. Free Delivery.

A Christmas Angel

by Donald Allen

A pretty young girl, well wrapped up against the cold night, and a half-grown boy carrying a large basket, were crossing the street when an automobile swung suddenly around the corner. To save themselves, the girl and the boy had to make a sudden retreat, and in so doing they dropped the basket and it was crushed under the wheels.

There were four young men in the automobile. They were singing and laughing and enjoying the license of Christmas eve. They jeered at the boy for dropping the basket, and they raised their hats in mock courtesy to the girl.

"Miss, I didn't go for to do it!" apologized the boy, who had been hired as a messenger, and who had been told that the basket contained food for poor families in the tenement beyond.

"I know—I know," replied the girl. "It wasn't your fault, but I'm so sorry. The sick woman and her children won't have the food and toys now, but I have a little change in my purse and I can still do something. You needn't go any farther; it is just across the street. Good-night to you."

"Missy," said the boy as she was about to move away, "you gave me a dime to carry the basket. Here it is. Give it to some kid up there who wants a mouth-organ. Oh, you must take it, and if you say so I'll wait here till them fellers come back and hit 'em with a rock."

"But how about your Christmas, Jimmy?" the girl asked.

"Oh, I can skirmish around, same as I always do. Night to you, and I hope that sick woman will get better."

The girl crossed the street and entered the hallway of the tenement and climbed to the third floor. Three children were waiting for her on the landing, and uttered glad shouts at sight of her. She had been there before and had promised them that she would come on Christmas eve. Within the poverty-stricken rooms called home a sick woman was lying on a bed. She smiled and was glad at sight of the girl.

She told them the incident of the auto and the loss of the basket, and then she counted over her scanty change and went downstairs to the nearest grocery. It was little she could buy. There would be Christmas eating, but no feast. The little stockings with their holes would be hung, but there would be no Santa Claus to fill them. The children stood with their faces to the wall and wept, and the girl held the hand of the sick woman and shed tears.

As they sat thus the door opened and let in the cold air from the hall. An old man stood outside. He was ragged and unkempt, and hunger had given him the face of a wolf. There was not a soft line in it. Peering out of his own door on the same floor, he had seen the girl come bearing packages. There was bread on the table before him.

The children cried out as they saw the look on the old man's face, and the girl rose up and barred his way.

"I want bread and I'll have it!" he exclaimed fiercely.

"But you can't take it from this sick woman and these helpless children."

"I tell you I'm hungry—I want bread! Why didn't you come to me first? I am old; there is no work for me, but I will not die like a dog. Stand aside! You will not? Then—"

He seized her by the arms and there was a struggle. The children were shouting for help, and the man-wolf was nearing the coveted loaves when some one entered and seized him and whirled him about and thrust him out into the hall, shutting the door on his oaths and snarls. The children ceased their cries and the girl looked up to see a young man standing in the center of the room, gazing around him.

"It is your fault!" she half-sobbed. "You were in the auto that almost ran me down. You laughed in my face as you raised your hat. But for you there would have been plenty of food and some presents here."

"Yes, I was one of them," the man answered. "It is Christmas eve, and we were out for a lark. Yes, I looked straight into your eyes, and in five minutes I was ashamed of myself. I came back and hunted until I found the boy. When he told me that you were a Christmas angel, and that he had given his last dime to help out, I was still more ashamed of myself and of my friends. Can you forgive me?"

"Yes, it is Christmas eve," she said in a voice hardly above a whisper as she seemed to listen to the merry shouts from the street. "There are tens of thousands of persons on the streets in merry mood, but what have we here? What have we in every room in this old rookery? Were you thinking of it when you crushed the basket I was bringing?—when you smiled into my face?"

"I was a brute," he answered.

"I was bringing my little mite," she continued in a deprecatory way. "I have a widowed mother to support, and I could not spare much. I was weeks saving up to buy what was in that basket. You are rich, perhaps. It would have been nothing to you."

The children stood hushed and awed, and the sick woman closed her eyes and wondered at it all. The young man and the girl looked straight into each other's eyes as they talked, and her words seemed to cut him like the lash of a whip. When there had been silence for a minute, and the old man-wolf was heard snarling as he paced the hall, the young man said:

"I am ashamed and sorry. Let that answer for the moment. Will you come with me?"

And without the slightest fear in her mind, and with a smile at the mother and her children, she arose. Intuition told her what was in the stranger's thoughts. He carried the bread and butter out into the hall and placed them in the hands of the fierce-faced old man. He fell to devouring them as if he had, indeed, been a wolf of the forest, and when another tenant came out and asked for crumbs he was frightened away by snarls and growls.

"Now come," said the young man.

Up one street and down another for an hour, they went. Wines and jellies and fruits, they bought for the woman whose ailment was starvation more than disease—food to last for days and days. They selected, next, gifts and new stockings to receive them—whatever money could buy and the two could bundle into their arms, they picked up. And all the time, though neither one knew the name of the other, they talked and laughed and were like children in their delight.

The return to the tenement was like the arrival of a lord and his lady. There was something for other children, too, and a policeman, pausing in

"I Have a Widowed Mother to Support, and I Could Not Spare Much."

the lower hall, heard such shouts of pleasure and so much childish laughter that he glanced up the dimly-lighted stairs and said to himself:

"Old Santa must have changed his route this year and come among the poor."

And at a late hour, when the Christmas angel and her guardian walked downstairs together and she was put into a cab for home, they still talked and still laughed, nor did they know that they would ever meet again. She had lashed him for his heartlessness. She was hoping that he would see that she had forgiven him. He had been almost brutal. He was hoping that she had seen his better side. No cards—no names.

"Good-night," they said at parting; and when he raised his hat she knew that it was in courtesy instead of irony.

Days later, when the girl visited the old tenement again, the sick woman and her children had vanished, but had left word behind for her. The man-wolf was still there, but instead of growling and showing his teeth, he smiled at her. In another place, with light and air and food and comforts in abundance, the girl found the mother and her little ones. It was a glad surprise, and to the look of inquiry the widow, no longer in bed, whispered:

"He did it! He did it all!"

One evening, when long weeks had passed, the young man was waiting at the home of the girl when she came from her place of daily employment.

"I have been talking with the mother," he said, quietly. "She says I may call. What does the Christmas Angel say?"

(Copyright, 1910.)

A Simple Gift.

When one wishes to send little more than a remembrance at Christmas yet does not care to use cards, a novelty that can be made by the girl who paints is a match scratcher in the form of a card.

Have an oblong background of colored cardboard, and on it paint a quaint figure cut from fine emery paper in soft tones of brown, heightened by gay touches in the costume. It is then cut out and pasted on the back, which may be left plain or painted with scenery to correspond.

Sometimes these scratchers are done in entirely monochrome. Children with huge muffs, picturesque colonial or Greuze figures, or quaint Dutch peasants can be copied in colors.

Christmas for Two

by Clarissa Mackie

The crowded east-bound train disgorged two passengers at the little red station and then thundered on its busy way.

A long stage, rusty and ramshackle, backed up to the platform and the driver's lusty "All aboard!" brought the girl and the young man hurrying into its dismal depths.

"I s'pose you're for Ferguson's place," remarked the driver as he turned the horses skillfully in the narrow space.

"Yes," said the man rather gruffly. "I thought there would be a carriage to meet us."

"So there has—so there has! Been prancin' around her for two or three hours, but I guess they got disgusted; anyways, they left word for me to stay here till the train came in and if anyone was bound for their place to bring 'em along. The train's four hours late as it is, and I don't suppose them servants want to be kept away from their Christmas dinner."

"How long will it take us?" asked the girl.

"A matter of an hour or so," was the unconcerned reply.

The girl stifled an exclamation of annoyance and she drew still farther away from the vicinity of the morose young man. The latter turned up the astrakhan collar of his overcoat and dropped his chin into its depths.

They had started forth that morning so joyfully—Polly Standish and Derrick Gordon—newly engaged and blissfully happy. Things had gone wrong from the very beginning. Polly's aunt, who was to accompany them for the short stay at Ferguson's hospitable country house, had failed to put in an appearance, and consequently had been left behind. That was vexatious. Then the train had been delayed by snow drifts and during the four hours' wait in the cold train Polly and Derrick had quarreled.

"Nice Christmas day," volunteered the stage driver in his queer, cracked voice, as they squeaked over the hard-packed snow.

"Very!" returned Derrick, sarcastically.

There was a long silence as the strong white horses plodded up the steep incline of the mountain. Here the snowfall had been light and only served to dust the dark green pines and hemlocks with a white powder.

They had reached the top of a steep incline and were rolling evenly over a level stretch when suddenly, without an instant's warning, the stage crashed down and precipitated the passengers and luggage in an ignominious heap under the driver's seat.

"Are you hurt?" asked Derrick coldly, as he assisted Polly to her feet.

"No, thank you," she said stiffly, as she peered out from the curtained window.

The driver was soothing the frightened horses and his nut-cracker face was knotted anxiously.

"Lost a wheel, by gorry!" he said, ruefully. "Smashed it to flinders!"

Derrick had crawled out and stood beside him.

"This is the dickens of a mess—how are we to get to Ferguson's place? Are we near a telephone—or where are we anyway?"

Luke Sanders scratched his ear thoughtfully. "I took a short road across—'tain't the usual route to Ferguson's and we ain't near nobody! Ten miles from anywhere. The only thing to do is for me to ride one of the horses into the village and send back another wagon. You and the young lady better get out and move about a bit and keep warm. You might build a fire—there's plenty of fuel." He was unharnessing the horses as he spoke.

"Why can't we all ride—or better still, Miss Standish can ride one of them and I will walk beside her. We will get there much quicker and can keep warm and have something to eat. We're almost starved." Derrick glanced quickly at the stage where Polly's pale face was framed in the darkened opening.

"Can't nobody ride Bob-white. A jumpin' kangaroo ain't nothin' to that horse if anybody gits on his back! Just you stay here and make yourselves comfortable and warm and I'll be back in the course of an hour or so." He tethered the ferocious Bob-white to a tree by the roadside. Then from the space under his seat in the stage he drew forth a basket covered with a white cloth.

"This here basket has got a Christmas dinner inside—my wife fixed it up for old Miss Benton down to the ford but I can stop and get another basketful for the old lady. You two are welcome to it." He clambered on the waiting horse and smiled as his horny hand closed around the generous banknote that Derrick slipped from his pocket.

"Merry Christmas to you and your wife, sir," he called back over his shoulder before he disappeared around a turn in the road.

Derrick did not dare to look at Polly Standish; he knew she was sitting proud and defiant with a contemptuous curl on her red lip. Instead, he stared away through the aisles of trees, made into golden paths by the later afternoon sun.

It was too bad that Christmas should have turned out so disastrously for them both. There was to be a jolly party at the Fergusons and in the evening a Christmas dance. Perhaps Ralph Ferguson would send forth another conveyance for them—but it would go by that other road. They were marooned on the short cut.

A glimpse of Polly's woeful face brought a revulsion of feeling. Poor little Polly was cold and tired and he was acting like a brute.

Without a word Derrick approached a small clearing in the middle of which grew a young pine tree.

It was the work of minutes to gather an armful of wood and broken branches and to clear a space of snow. Presently a bright fire crackled cheerily and then Derrick brought cushions and blankets from the stage and prepared a place for Polly.

"Come, Miss Standish," he said politely. "If you will draw near the fire we will have some dinner."

"I'm not hungry," said Polly, holding her hands to the blaze.

"At least you will sit down and wrap this blanket around you—so," insisted Derrick.

"Thank you," said Polly without enthusiasm.

From the blanket Derrick produced a large plate loaded with a generous Christmas dinner. There were turkey and cranberry sauce, stuffing and mashed potatoes and gravy, turnips and celery, and a whole mince pie.

Derrick managed to convey half of the dinner more or less daintily to the pie plate and this he placed before Polly. "Eat," he said sternly. "You will need the nourishment before we reach Ferguson's."

"I am not a child," said Polly resentfully.

Derrick did not reply. He fell to his own dinner with a vigorous appetite and it was not until he turned to give

"This Is Our Christmas Tree, Polly Dear," Said Derrick, in a Low Tone.

Polly some mince pie that he discovered that the weary girl had eaten a little of the dinner and then fallen asleep in her nest of blankets.

For a long time he watched the changing lights on her sweet face as the branches tossed in the wind; then, softly he arose and approached the little pine tree standing in the middle of the clearing.

The cones were silvered with snow and it looked like a Christmas tree decorated for a festival.

Derrick opened his suit case and brought out sundry white packages. These he tied to the tree with colored cord. Gay toys for the Ferguson children were added until the little tree stood forth bravely in its fine attire.

"Polly!" he called softly. "Polly!"

Polly sat up with startled eyes seeking his face. For the instant she had forgotten their misunderstanding, but suddenly their light clouded.

"Come here, Polly, and see our Christmas tree," urged Derrick.

Reluctantly she came, a rose flush straining her pale cheeks. But yet her red lips were obstinately set in a straight line.

"This is our Christmas tree, Polly, dear," said Derrick in a low tone. "Yours and mine! Shall we be happy and enjoy not only this one, but many, many others after, please God? Say, dear."

"Oh, Derrick, how wicked of us to quarrel when we should be happy! I am so sorry!" sobbed Polly in Derrick's coat sleeve.

"And so am I—and now I'm glad," said Derrick after a time. "Now, let's enjoy our own particular tree before anyone comes! I shall be Santa Claus—and you may be Mrs. Santa Claus!"

"I have things in my bag, too," blushed Polly as she hastened away.

An hour afterward Ralph Ferguson brought a sleighload of merrymakers in search of them. Together they sat demurely on a log before a dying fire. Near by stood a little pine tree, powdered with snow, and dripping with hanging cones.

"You're just in time for the biggest Christmas tree you ever saw," said Ralph as he gathered up the lines and clucked to the horses.

"We've had our Christmas tree," said Derrick mysteriously, while Polly smiled back at him out of happy eyes.

(Copyright, 1910.)

Anthony Riggs' Fortune

by Clarissa Mackie

"Christmas comes but once a year—and when it goes I'm glad of it!" misquoted Mr. Anthony Riggs, looking sourly at the toe of his slipper.

As Anthony Riggs lived all alone in the big house, there was no one to reply to his unpleasant remarks. Downstairs in the kitchen his one servant clattered noisily about her work. Everywhere else in the house it was very quiet. And there is no silence like that of a great house which has once known the joyful clamor of a large and happy family.

Years ago Anthony had had a love affair, but it ended most unhappily. The girl had married another man and Anthony Riggs had been left to develop into a morose old bachelor—and not so very old at that.

"Christmas comes but once a year—and I'll try to get as far away from it as I can," misquoted Mr. Riggs once more, as he kicked off his slippers and reached for his shoes. When he was buttoned tightly into his fur-lined ulster and his sealskin cap was pulled down over his ears there was nothing to be seen save a pair of very bright brown eyes and an aristocratic nose.

Once in the snowy streets Anthony Riggs found himself nearer to Christmas than he had been before. The shops were overflowing with holly wreaths and branches of mistletoe, toys and games and candy and nuts. Beautiful gifts were displayed in the windows and many happy, expectant faces were pressed against the plate-glass panes.

"Please, sir," said a small voice at Anthony's elbow, "can't you give me a job carrying your bundles?"

"What bundles?" frowned Anthony.

"Your Christmas presents—what you're going to buy, sir," said the little boy, respectfully.

"I'm not going to buy any presents," replied Anthony quite fiercely. "Here's something for you—go and buy your own gifts and don't bother me!" He thrust a dollar bill into the eager little fingers and strode on, unmindful of the curious glances of those who had overheard his conversation with the little lad.

A glittering window full of jewels threw a flashlight on his memory. It was in that same shop he had once purchased a ring for Mary Wood. The ring had been returned to him and he had flung it into the farthest corner of his desk. It was there now.

He turned away and sauntered on. In front of his own church, friendly hands drew him into the brightly lighted basement of the edifice where the annual Christmas bazaar was in progress.

There was a merry throng of men, women and children moving to and fro among the booths devoted to the sale of fancy articles, toys and candy. Supper tables occupied one end of the room and in an obscure corner a fortune teller's tent was made of gay shawls. In the middle of the room stood a gigantic Christmas tree, loaded with gifts wrapped in tissue paper.

"Ten cents will entitle you to a gift from the tree," explained his guide.

"I don't like presents," said Anthony grimly.

Deacon Smithers smiled quizzically. "Very well, suit yourself, Anthony! There is the fortune teller—perhaps she will predict a happy future for you! There is the supper table, that will insure you a good meal—and the booths—pay your money and take your choice!" He moved away and left Anthony Riggs standing pale and cold in the midst of the happy crowd.

Perhaps it was because he did not know what else to do that Anthony awaited his turn at the fortune teller's tent, and once within its dim recesses he felt foolishly aware that the future held nothing for him that he did not know.

The gipsy's dark head was concealed in the folds of a lace mantilla; from the flowing sleeves of her red velvet bodice, two slim brown arms and hands flashed out and caught his large hand. The lace-draped head bent over his palm.

"You have had much sorrow," said the gipsy in a low musical voice, "but much of it has been your own making! Do the things I shall tell you and you will live to be very happy and see your dearest wish gratified!"

Anthony smiled sardonically. "And the three things I shall do?" he asked.

"The day after tomorrow is Christmas day. Tomorrow night you must make three persons happy. Find three persons who are poor and needy and sorrowful and take them to your home and provide them with a bountiful dinner; have gifts for them and when they have gone away blessing you—then, you may receive a gift yourself."

"What will it be? I don't want a gift—I haven't kept Christmas for years," protested Anthony, as he placed some money on the table.

"Time you did, then! Don't forget—or you will lose your last chance of being happy. And stay—" A slim hand arrested his going.

"Yes?" Anthony's voice was very cold.

"Be sure to have that ring in readiness—you may need it!"

And the next instant Anthony found himself elbowed out of the tent by impatient waiters at the door, and without another glance about the decorated room he left the church and went home, much perturbed.

Of course, Anthony Riggs knew that the fortune teller could be none other than some member of his church who was familiar with more or less of the detail of his life and habits. He was surprised at his own lack of indignation because his private affairs had been discussed by a stranger—indeed, he almost felt a glow of gratification that he was still numbered among those to whom something wonderful might happen.

"I'll try it, anyway," said Anthony that night as he blew out his candle. "It can do no harm."

It is a simple matter to make poor people happy. Anthony Riggs found it so. The day before Christmas was marked by a series of galvanic shocks for the servant maid in the basement of Anthony's fine house. Before night the pantries were filled with delicious viands and the smell of spices and mincemeat pervaded the house.

Anthony's three persons became six, for it was so easy to add another one and still another to the little company he had invited. They were old men and women and they enjoyed the feast of good things with a pleasure that made Anthony's heart ache as it had never ached since the day when Mary Wood had sent back his ring.

At last he sent them home in carriages laden with the remains of the dinner and with many gifts that would add comfort to declining years. The best gift of all was that Anthony Riggs had promised not to forget them—he would be their benefactor till they had passed into the hands of the great benefactor.

When he was alone in the brightly lighted parlor, with the blaze of the chandelier falling on the silver threads in his black hair, Anthony thought

"And You—You Meant What You Promised?—That Happiness Would Come to Me?"

of the bitter years he had wasted—years in which he might have made many persons happy. The reward of good deeds was warm in his heart this night and he forgot that there was not one to offer him a gift with loving words. He had received the greatest of all gifts—the love and gratitude of his fellow men.

The door softly opened and a woman crept in, small, slender woman with dusky hair and dark eyes shining like stars.

Anthony Riggs did not look up. He had forgotten that the fortune teller had promised him a gift that night. On his little finger was a small ring set with a single pearl.

"Anthony!" The visitor's voice was low and musical.

"Mary Wood," said Anthony hoarsely; and then with a glance at the black lace draped about her head, he added:

"You were the fortune teller last night?"

"Yes."

"And you—you meant what you promised?—that happiness would come to me?"

"It has come, Anthony," she faltered drawing near to him. "We were so mistaken—you and I—and the years have been long. I am free now—they said you needed me and that night when I saw your bitter face I knew you needed the influence of a greater love than mine before we met."

Anthony Riggs took his sweetheart into his arms. "I have found the greater love, Mary, and its root is pity. My love for you will be better and worthier because of my love for the poor and needy. And tomorrow—tomorrow you will marry me and become my Christmas gift in truth?"

"Yes," said Mary Wood.

And so Anthony Riggs slipped the little pearl ring on her finger.

(Copyright, 1910.)

A Way Out of It.

Anna was making Christmas presents.

"Oh, dear, this doesn't look nice," said she.

Little Helen, looking on, remarked in a sympathizing tone:

"Oh, well, auntie, you can give it to some one who is near-sighted."

Miner Bob's Gift

IT WAS Christmas eve in a mining camp in the Rocky mountains, forty years ago. There were many men, but only one little girl. She was sitting in front of a fireplace, which occupied one whole end of "the best cabin in camp." Her seat was a flat piece of pine log. Lying close to her was a big St. Bernard dog.

"Miner Bob says that Santa Claus comes down the chimney; but now, Rover, we know better than that." She took hold of the dog's collar, and turned his head toward the fireplace. "Even if he should get down the chimney, he'd be burned up. He could not bring anything with him without getting it black and dirty. I'll put the fire out tonight with that pail of water."

Rover got up and took a lap or two, and then came back and waited for the rest of the story.

She continued: "But I don't believe any Santa Claus will come away out here, where there is only you and me.

Here she stooped and whispered in the dog's ear. "We'll leave the window open. Of course, Rover, I don't mind telling you why I am so anxious for Santa Claus not to come down that chimney. You see, I want a doll. Miner Bob says that Santa Claus brings you what you wish for. I never saw real dolls, but they must be beautiful things. This picture I cut out of a magazine is a doll, so Miner Bob says. Whew! It mustn't come down the chimney, Rover, it mustn't."

In a few minutes the dog and the little girl were both fast asleep. This time the child's head was pillowed on Rover's shaggy coat and in her hand she tightly held an advertisement of Christmas toys.

Two men, sitting at a pine table in the other end of the cabin, were talking in a low, mysterious manner.

"We are 'most out of food, you know," said one; "only five potatoes left. We paid $100 for the last stick, but we could not get another stick for love or money. We have been snowed in now for three months, and we've got to count on four weeks more before there is any hope of getting out of here."

"Yes, I know it," replied his companion, "but I'm going to do it just the same."

"You know the boss' orders," spoke up the first man, who was Miner Bob. "We'll catch it if we disobey, especially when starvation is staring us in the face."

"I can't help it," was the reply, "put it all on me; I'll stand the blame."

The men drew their chairs closer together, and there they worked for several hours, stopping just long enough to lift the little girl from the floor to her cot, where she went on dreaming of Santa Claus and the beautiful doll.

It was a bitter cold night—a regular blizzard! Several miners lost their way going from one camp to the other and were frozen to death. Animals that failed to get under shelter were found dead next morning.

The little girl remembers no more of that most terrible storm in the history of the camp, but next morning she was awakened early by her father trying to close a broken window. He said it had been crushed in by the storm, but the little girl said, "No, Santa Claus did it."

"He's been here!" she cried, and in her excitement fairly rolled from her cot over the floor to the chimney. With cries of "It's a doll—a doll!" she clasped to her heart the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. "It's my doll, all mine; and it's got eyes, and a nose, and a mouth, and ears and hair—and such a beautiful red flannel dress!"

She kissed it again and again, and no heart ever came so near bursting with joy as the heart of that little girl, way out in the snowed-in mine, with death and starvation all about her.

The two miners had come in, and were listening to the wonderful story as it fell again from the childish lips.

"You used them all," interrupted the father, gazing sternly at the man.

"Yes," said Miner Bob, "we used them all."

"It was wrong, very wrong?"

"We could not help it," replied the other miner. "It was the only way to make it, and we'd rather go hungry the rest of our days than have the kid disappointed."

The "kid," oblivious of anything but the blessed joy of possessing a doll, was telling Rover: "Father thinks the wind broke the window. I forgot to open it; but, you see, Santa Claus knows just what you want, so he brought the doll through the window to save her from getting dirty coming down the chimney."

Little did she realize that of all the dolls found that Christmas morning in the stockings of the little ones all over the United States not one was made of as precious material as hers. She was clasping to her bosom the "only five potatoes in camp." They had been carved into "Miss Doll" by Miner Bob and dressed in pieces of the only good red flannel shirt that the other man possessed.

Forty Christmas days have passed since then, and they have all been happy ones, but the peculiar and exquisite satisfaction I experience in preying to my heart "my potato doll" has never been exceeded.

"Betty and Billiken"

As Betty looked up from her embroidery, a letter was thrown into her lap. "Hurrah!" cried Billee, "here's a letter from mother. She is not a bit angry about our runaway match, and writes beautifully. She wants us to go down for a visit and stay over the Christmas season. Will you go, Betty?"

"Of course, I will!" she cried delightedly; and then, a little wistfully, "Do you think your mother will like me, Billikin?"

"She will adore you. How can she help it? And I am sure you will love her. Do you think we could start tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow? Well, I guess we could. We can pack at once. Let me see, what clothes shall I take? Are they very gay down there, or must I be terribly demure?

"Let me know my role and I shall play it to the letter. I once took part in a Sunday school entertainment and was the hit of the piece. I think I was somebody's spinster aunt, and said 'Land sakes' every five minutes. I simply must get on with your mother."

Billee smiled. "It isn't a case of land sakes exactly, though I'll admit mother is a little old-fashioned, and there isn't much doing down there.

"Oh, I see," sighed Betty ruefully. "I could take my black tailored gown, and my blue rajah, a couple of quiet blouses and skirts.

It was almost tea time when they arrived, cold and tired after their long journey.

When they were shown to their room Betty was delighted.

"Oh, isn't this delightful, after a 10x12 flat! And, Billee, I think your mother is a dear!"

"I knew you would like her, and she will absolutely dote on you; I feel it in my bones!"

But Betty was not so sure. More than once she felt her mother-in-law

"Here They Are," Exclaimed Betty.

gazing at her in a sort of mild disapproval, which was both annoying and perplexing.

In the meantime Billee had noticed it, too, and cornered his mother on the first opportunity.

"Now, mother, what is it you don't like about Betty? I am sure you do not approve of her in some way."

"Why, I did feel a little disappointed that you, being so young and lively, had chosen a girl of her age and with so little life and spirit."

"Of her age!" exclaimed the astonished fellow. "Why, Betty is only nineteen and I am twenty-four. Did you want me to rob a kindergarten? And lively? Why, Betty is the most spirited girl you ever saw."

"Well," she said finally, "if that is the way she appears to you, I am very glad for your sake; but she really is shy and isn't quite her natural self, or that the way she wears her hair and dresses makes her seem older and more staid than she really is."

"Oh!" exclaimed her son in a tone that spoke volumes. "Mother, I thought that you did not care for folderols and vanities."

"Well, I am an old lady," she answered with a toss of her head, "but when I was young I wore my share of vanities with the best of them. You see how it is, Billee; I had told all our friends here that you had married such a society belle and that she was so stylish and pretty and—"

"And she doesn't look the part!" With a peal of laughter he rushed out of the room and up the stairs.

"Come out of it, Betty; it's all a mistake. Get on your war paint. You did bring a few things with you, didn't you?"

"What do you mean?" demanded an astonished Betty.

"Betty," he began gravely, but ended in another peal of laughter, "we're on the wrong track. The mater says you depress her. You lack youth and gaiety. It's all my fault, wretch that I am; she isn't old-fashioned at all."

When they burst into the sitting room a few minutes later the old lady looked up in amazement. For a whole minute she surveyed them, then laughed till the tears ran down her pink cheeks.

"You poor child! And to think that you went to all that trouble to gain my regard!"

"Yes, and I've been positively suffering for a good laugh, and afraid to be my natural self, for fear you would be shocked," added Betty dolefully.

"The idea! The very idea! And I've been suffering for a little life and gaiety, and have looked to Billee and his wife to bring mirth into this lonely old home, and to—" Her voice broke. Instantly their arms were around her.

"Shall we have a jolly Christmas, Billikin? Shall we make the rafters ring?" comes a gay challenge from Betty.

"Leave it to us!" said Billikin.

Their Christmas

THE Bigbee children looked at the river, and gave up all hope of Christmas. The steamboat went by on its daily trip, breaking the way through the crust during the night, and leaving behind a highway of drifting ice. On the bank beyond they could see the houses and the church, but could not go there.

"We may even forget when Christmas comes," said Ben, "unless we notch a stick, like Robinson Crusoe."

"I shall not forget," said Della.

"Nor I," said Mamie Scudder.

The Bigbees lived on an island. There was one house besides their own, where Mrs. Scudder and Mamie lived. Mamie never crossed the water in cold weather, but the Bigbee children rowed across every week to Sunday school, until December brought ice and snow.

People living on a small island must take boats instead of carriages when they go to church or post office or market. But the Bigbee children did not think that a hardship.

"We want clear water all winter," said Della.

"I hope you will have it," said the teacher, "at least till Christmas. We are going to have carols and a Christmas tree."

This was great news to the Bigbees, who had never seen a Christmas tree. They talked about it, and told Mamie Scudder. They knew there would be candles on the tree, and shining things among the boughs.

But the first Sunday in December a blinding snowstorm kept them at home. The next Sunday and the next there was ice tossing in the river, so that no little rowboat could venture abroad.

One more Sunday, and then Monday would be Christmas. All the happy children across the river would go to church and there would be the tree full of gifts.

"It's a cold day and growing colder," said Mr. Bigbee on Saturday.

The family kept close round the fire. None of them spoke of Christmas. There had been no secret preparations, no shopping trips. Money was scarce in the Bigbee family.

When Ben and Della went to their beds at night, Paul, who followed soon after, came back into the kitchen with a serious face.

"Mother," he said, "they have hung up their stockings!"

Mrs. Bigbee set her lips tight. Then she put her arm round Paul, and kissed him.

"Never mind," he said. "We can pop corn and crack nuts."

Mrs. Bigbee stayed up late that night. By 11 o'clock she had made cookies shaped in various ways—birds, dogs, balls, boys, horses, elephants, camels, hearts, sheep and rabbits—and not one too big to slip easily into a child's stocking.

She put 12 into each of her children's stockings, hanging Paul's up also. She glanced toward Mrs. Scudder's, but the lights were out.

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" shouted the children the next morning. The house rang with laughter and mirth. There was great excitement over the stockings. Even Paul was interested and amused.

"Dear little mother," he said, softly.

Mamie came with her stockingful, and the children played menagerie, Noah's Ark, and farmyard for hours.

The steamboat made no trip that day. A few skaters were seen. "I guess the boat skips Christmas the same as Sundays," said Paul.

After dark he went to the window. "I hear the bells," he said. "And the church windows shine." A silence fell on the group.

"If we knew the carols we would sing them ourselves," said Mrs. Bigbee.

From time to time the children went to the window. It was starlight.

"See the lights in the road!" exclaimed Della. "The folks are going home with lanterns."

"They're coming down the bank!" said Ben.

A little line of lights moved steadily along. They were certainly on the frozen river. They were coming toward the island.

"Why, father, father!" shouted Paul. "The river must be frozen hard all over, and that's why the boat didn't go!"

"It happened so once six years ago," said Mr. Bigbee.

Mrs. Scudder ran over from her house. "They're singing!" she cried. "Listen!"

The sweet Christmas carols sounded clearer and clearer, as boys and girls came up the bank, up to the very house.

"Come in! Come in!" said Mr. Bigbee, throwing the door open.

It was as if church, tree, festival, Christmas and everything had come to the Bigbees and Scudders.

"We cut off a bough full of candles to be your tree," said the boys. They set it up in a corner and lighted the candles anew.

"We brought your presents," said the girls, giving each a book and box of candy.

It was late when, with merry farewells, the visitors took their lanterns and departed, singing carols, while the happy children watched the line of lights recrossing the river, and listened in happines until the voices died away in the distance.

A War Time Christmas

The incident occurred one December during the Civil war. The Army of Tennessee was in Virginia, watching closely every move on the great chess board of strategy. Sergt. Montgomery and a few men were ordered to guard a certain narrow pass through the mountains.

Orders were strict to permit no one to pass no matter what the errand. The tension was high; spies were everywhere.

Not far from the picket post was a small house, part log and part frame. There lived a young wife and two little girls. The husband had joined the Confederate army. The wife was left with two cows and some potatoes and corn.

She or her little girls brought the Union soldiers milk and butter; sometimes a few eggs.

The names of the girls were Mary and Susie. They said they liked soldiers; that their papa was one, and that they knew he would be glad to see these soldier friends of theirs if he could only get off, but he was so busy somewhere shooting at the Yankees that they wouldn't let him leave.

One day as the month was drawing to a close Susie, the smaller of the two, asked the sergeant why they were always looking up and down the pass so close.

"To see if anybody's coming, little one," said the grizzled officer, "our orders are to shoot any man who attempts to go by here."

Instantly Susie laid her head on her sister's shoulder and cried as if her heart would break. The big sergeant was very much embarrassed; he saw he had put his foot in it, but couldn't understand just how.

"There, there, girlie," he said, "don't you cry, we ain't going to shoot any of your people."

"I know you ain't," said Susie, trying to dry her eyes, "but we been a-

"What Means All This Buffoonery!"

lookin' for Santa Claus for years an' years an' it's mos' time for him to be along here."

The sergeant was dumfounded. Two days later he rode down the valley to the army headquarters and sought out the quartermaster.

"I want two blankets," he said, "big ones, and warm; 40 pounds of coffee, a case of sweet crackers, and some ginger snaps if you got 'em, and some sugar, and—let me see—got any canned goods, pears and peaches and the like o' that?"

The day before Christmas was clear and bright. The troopers were walking about their campfire, their guns stacked, but within easy reach. The sergeant was not there. Pretty soon the little girls came out from the cabin, hand in hand. They had hardly reached the camp when the captain of the guard suddenly straightened up.

"Halt!" he cried, "who comes here?"

The soldiers sprang for their guns and stood across the trail. Climbing down a hill bordering the trail was a man with a long white beard and a fur cap. He was laden with parcels.

Susie saw him, and uttering a glad cry ran to him and stood between Santa Claus and the soldiers.

"You sha'n't shoot him," she shouted; "you sha'n't shoot Santa Claus!"

The soldiers grounded arms and laughed until they couldn't laugh any more. Just then there was a sound of a horse's hoofs on the rocky trail. It was an unusual thing, there was no joke this time. The soldiers straightened up, ready for action. Santa Claus dropped his parcels and gripped his revolver.

In a moment the rider was among them. It was a high officer in the Federal army, and he glared about in angry surprise.

"What means all this buffoonery?" he growled, his keen eyes boring through Santa Claus.

Santa Claus, entirely unabashed, told the story, omitting nothing. He said the father of the little girls was in the Confederate army and they and their mother were alone in the mountains; that the winter had come on them unprepared, and he had ordered the quartermaster to get together some things to tide them over Christmas.

The gold braided officer looked into the fearless eyes of the sergeant, the men standing respectfully about him, and then at the half-clad little girls and their blue hands and lips.

"It's all right, boys," he said, "entirely all right. I got a couple o' little chaps o' my own back in the hills of Kentucky, and I hope the good Lord will raise up friends for 'em same as you folks have been to these. Good-by!"

Then he rode on down the trail. That night the Yankees and the little family of the Confederate soldier had a Christmas dinner in a cozy little mountain cabin.

A Christmas Fairy Tale

IT was Christmas eve. From the high hills came no wind to howl across the white world at the farmer through his every window or to shake the door as if to say, "I am King Wind, let me in!" or to harass the animals as they stood in their chilly stables. No wind, but cold, oh, so cold! The moon was steel blue as if frost bitten. The stars blinked with the cold. It was 10 below zero, the village folk said, and that is very cold.

Two travelers trudged the road that wound up and around the hill. "Swing your arms, Sigurd," said one, and himself commenced slapping his armpits. "We will try at the next house," he continued. "'Tis Christmas eve, and how can they turn us away on such a night?"

Ahead a farmhouse threw a welcome yellow glare on the snow. The travelers hurried on, encouraged. Soon they stood under the eaves of the little house so alone in the snow, and before the door. Fridthjof pulled the old brass knocker down heartily. "Oh, ho, within," he cried. "Have you food and bed for hungry travelers this Christmas eve?" They heard a bustle and stir inside. The door swung open and the farmer, a huge man with a big voice, peered out. "Come in," he said.

The two stamped the snow off their feet and entered. The best hearth seats were given them and the farmer's daughter appeared, bearing a pitcher of steaming, home brewed ale. Along with it came smoked mutton and goodly piles of flat brod. Sigurd and Fridthjof toasted their shins dreamily content. Behind them the farmer's wife and daughter clattered diligently with silver dishes and a bountiful Christmas feast.

Sigurd looked up in surprise. "Do you eat your Christmas dinner at night?" he asked. The farmer settled into his creaking armchair and his jovial face became serious. "Years ago," he began, "the goblins, or the hill people, came down, took possession of my farm and demanded that I turn my place over to them every Christmas night. Before we go we must set them a feast with silver dishes. I dared not disobey them, lest they run off with my horses and ruin my crops. So, you see, I have no real Christmas ever." Then he added, "you cannot stay, for they will kill you, too."

"Do they come every Christmas?" asked Sigurd.

"Every Christmas."

Sigurd turned to Fridthjof. "What shall we do," he asked, "get out or stay?"

"Stay by all means," asserted Sigurd.

"As you please, gentlemen," the farmer exclaimed. "My sleigh is ready at the door. Good night and a merry Christmas to you."

Left alone, the two guests undressed and went to bed.

Pretty soon away over the hills they heard the silvery jingle of goblin sleigh bells. Sigurd drew the curtains. Nearer and nearer came the jingling and now they could hear shouts and hoof beats. Then they heard them draw up in front of the house with a great clatter of harnesses, hoofs and sleigh bells. They could hear the goblins putting their tiny ponies into the farmer's sheds. Then with a great shout they entered the house.

The two luckless fellows in bed kept very still and barely breathed. Noisily the goblins seated themselves and started to eat with an uproar of clattering dishes, working jaws and spirited conversation. Many a mystery of disappearing hay bundles, sheep or farm tools long discussed among the village and fisher folk was explained by boasting narrations of the evil, jabbering goblins below.

At last Sigurd dared peek over, twixt the curtains. He saw little, white bearded men with red noses and glittering eyes, high peaked hats and fat bellies. To one end at the head of the table sat the chief, whose bigger red nose, fatter belly, higher hat and gruffer manner characterized him as such. When he bellowed forth his orders for food the others stepped right lively.

Of a sudden the chief cried out: "Wuf, I smell Human." Immediately the room became chaos. Search was made everywhere, under chairs, in cupboards—everywhere.

The chief himself was the most diligent searcher, and presently he made straight for the curtains that covered the beds. Our travelers lay tense, almost scared to death. Sigurd gripped a shoe convulsively by the toe when he saw the chief approach.

The goblin looked into the lower berth and then, climbing in a stool, he peered into the upper one. He could just manage to get his nose on the edge of the bed, and Sigurd brought his shoe heel down. Bing! Bing! awful hard on that good goblin's red, tender nose. He let out one tremendous yell and his men dismayed at fear in their leader, stampeded out of the house to the sleighs. The chief followed them.

Sigurd and Fridthjof could hear them frantically hitch up and heard them drive off, singing dolefully until the great white silence of the hills swallowed them up.

The villagers say that the farmer was never again bothered by the wicked hill people, but lived happily ever afterward with his family.

A Christmas Story

Finding myself far from home one Christmas eve night, I halted at the nearest farm house and asked admittance. An old man and his wife were the only occupants.

They bade me enter and gave me hearty greeting. I found them to be one Ephraim Gogard, and his wife, Tabitha, 40 years married.

After the good wife had spread a bountiful table with good cheer for the inner man, and we had enjoyed the delicious viands to the fullest extent, we drew our chairs nearer the hearth and prepared for a sociable evening. These good old people told me of their children; of the good times when Christmas Eve found them all at home hanging up their stockings and getting to bed early, hoping to stay awake till Santa Claus should come.

"But that was long ago!" sighed the mother. "Willie went to sea, and after a few years of sailing up and down the world, we heard nothing more, and we have long mourned him as dead. Rose went to the city and, growing fascinated with the stage, became an actress. She succeeded better than we had ever hoped, but her laurels did not prevent her from making a silly marriage. An Italian prince, a penniless adventurer, carried her off to Italy.

"We fear she is either dead or enduring a living death in extreme poverty, with all her illusions and her bright youth gone. We are both too old now to go in search of her."

"Alas! alas!" groaned the old man. "Our baby boy, our best beloved, grew impatient of the old home and its slow, conservative ways. He went to the great city and succeeded for a time, his bright whole-souled ways brought friends without number. But these very social graces became the cause of his downfall. He learned to gamble and drink at card parties and

A Stalwart, Seafaring Man, Wearing the Garb of a South Sea Islander.

at banquets where women make bold to do these things. Both these habits grew on him till they possessed him body and soul. He went from bad to worse, until at last he killed his best friend at the gaming table. He now wears the stripes and is eating his heart out in the state prison."

When I had retired for the night I found myself in a large luxuriously appointed sleeping apartment, on the hearth a fire of cheery logs, the facsimile of the one below.

As I sat and pondered, what was my surprise to see a stalwart, seafaring man enter, wearing the garb of a South Sea Islander. I knew he was an "old salt" by the lurch in his walk. Following him came a train of attendants. They put upon the table great jugs of liquor.

Taking no notice of me they went on hilariously cracking their jokes and taking great swigs from the jug.

Just as I was wondering if the leader could be Willie, whom the aged couple had mourned as dead, I was attracted by a sound at the door, and, looking in that direction, I beheld a very beautiful young woman, attired as Shakespeare's Ophelia. She came forward and began to repeat her lines as to a crowded house. The strange company ceased their prattle and gave her the most devoted hearing. They were about to give her an encore when there entered a dissolute-looking young fellow, with refined features, bleared by the excessive use of stimulants. Willie stepped forward, and, calling him brother, embraced him as one does after a long absence. The younger man produced a bottle of champagne and began to treat all round.

A disreputable-looking Italian had followed Ophelia into the room, and when he saw the champagne flowing, his eyes glittered with an unholy light.

I had at least collected my wits enough to realize that among this strange gathering were the three children to whom my hosts had just introduced me.

I had just about shaken myself free of my weird surroundings and had summoned strength to move from my seat that I might go below and send the dear old people to embrace their children when a noise sudden and loud took my breath away.

Instantaneously my strange guests vanished, I opened the door to see if I could catch a glimpse of their departing figures, but no creature was in sight.

Whence came the noise which had startled them into evaporating? Ah, again it came! It was but the rattle of the wind upon the casement.

I looked and, lo! my fire was reduced to embers, I knew only too well that I had been dreaming, that my strange company had been but the phantoms of dreams, that I had been asleep and that I was not to give my kind host and hostess the pleasure of a reunion with their lost children.

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EASTWARD

STATIONS.		6	10	2	4	18
			P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.
Port Allegany,	Lv.		2 25	11 37	7 12	9 00
Chemical Works,			*2 36	(60)	60	9
Burtville,			2 44	11 48	7 22	9 11
Roulette,			2 56	11 57	7 30	9 23
Knowlton's,			*3 00	12 01	60	0
Mina,			3 06	12 07	7 40	9 33
Olmsted,			*3 10	12 11	*7 44	9 37
			3 18	12 20	7 52	9 45
Coudersport,	Ar.	A. M.				
	Lv.	6 10		12 37		
North Coudersport,		60		*12 41		
Frink's,		*5 59		*12 49		
Colesburg,		5 57		12 57		
Seven Bridges,		*6 02		*1 02		
Raymonds,		6 12		1 13		
Gold,		6 17		1 19		
Newfield,				1 23		
Newfield Junction,		6 27		1 32		
Perkins,		*6 39		*1 45		
Carpenter's,		60		*1 49		
Crowell's,		*6 36		*1 42		
Ulysses,		7 20		1 58		
			A. M.	P. M.		

WESTWARD.

STATIONS.		3	1			5
		P. M.	A. M.			P. M.
Port Allegany,		2 10	8 50			5 10
Chemical works		(60)	60			60
Burtville,		1 57	8 37			4 57
Roulette,		1 50	8 11			4 50
Knowlton's,		1 45	60			*4 45
Mina,		1 40	8 21			4 40
Olmsted,		*1 36				4 35
Coudersport,	Lv.	1 30	8 12		P. M.	4 30
	Ar		8 30			
North Coudersport,			60			3 30
Frink's,			*7 47			3 14
Colesburg,			*7 50			3 08
Seven Bridges,			*7 46			3 04
Raymond's,			*7 37			*2 54
Gold,			7 33			*2 50
Newfield,			60			*2 46
Newfield Junction,			7 25			2 42
Perkins,			*7 14			*2 34
Carpenter's,			*7 10			*2 30
Crowell's,			*7 07			*2 27
Ulysses,	Lv.		7 05			2 20

Trains 1 and 3 run daily between Coudersport and Port Allegany, all other trains run week days only.

* Flag stations. (60) Trains do not stop.

† Telegraph offices.

Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.

Connections—At Ulysses with Fall Brook R'y for points north and south. At B. & S. Junction with Buffalo & Susquehanna R. R. north for Wellsville, south for Galeton and Addison. At Port Allegany with Pennsylvania R. R., north for Buffalo, Olean, Bradford and Smethport; south for Keating Summit, Austin, Emporium and Penn's R. R. points.

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A JOB—PERHAPS.

Irish Foreman (to applicant for work)—Sure an' there was only one vacancy at present, and that's filled; but the man we've got here to-day hasn't turned up—so If he doesn't come to-morrow we shall send him home again—after which—b'jabbers, there you are!—London Sketch.

CHRISTMAS IDEAS FOR THE TABLE

SET OF FLOWER HOLDERS FOR THE TABLE.

Red is the Christmas color, and the more vivid a table is the more appropriate. Formerly the tone was given by holly and red ribbon, but lately the poinsettia has superseded everything.

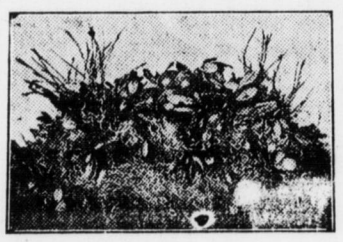
If possible have a huge mass of the natural flowers in the middle of the table. These look lovely when arranged in one of the miniature peach baskets to be had at the florist's, gilded if desired. The effect is heightened by having a bunch of poinsettia at each plate.

If one cannot afford the real flowers or but a few of them they can be made from paper so well as to escape detection, especially if mixed with a few natural blossoms.

The candle shades should be paper poinsettias, edged with red bead fringe. The ices may be served in poinsettia cups on standards representing stem and leaves.

For more elaborate effects garlands of paper poinsettia can be bought and festooned over the windows or from the chandelier to corners of the room. It can also be draped on tablecloth.

For a place card use a poinsettia blossom, with a tiny doll head set in the cup of flowers. Should one not wish to use the poinsettia plants as favors the small red sleds filled with candy



CENTERPIECE OF HOLLY, MOSS AND ORANGES.

are new and attractive. These can also be filled with waxed paper and used for entrees.

Santa Claus Table For Grownups.

Here is a table that can be arranged with but little trouble and expense. The centerpiece consists of a toy figure of old Santa Claus standing on a mound of snow made from cotton batting. On this mound are placed little Christmas favors done in tissue paper and sealed with Christmas seals. A wreath of holly surrounds the centerpiece. The place cards are bells, and the nut dishes are made from pink and green tissue paper, while a row of tiny candles surrounds the center of the mound. A large Christmas bell

THE SANTA CLAUS TABLE.

trimmed with holly hangs from the chandelier with strings of tiny chimes reaching to the sides of the table.

A White Christmas Dinner.

If you have had a red Christmas dinner so long that it palls substitute a snow scene in green and silver. Put a long oval mirror in center of table, surround it with miniature evergreens and sprinkle the surface of the mirror with mica snow to represent ice. On the mirrored ponds have Santa Claus on a sled drawn by reindeer.

Dress him in white covered with tinsel, and on his back have a pack filled with small favors. Tie each gift with tinsel silver cord and run it to the various covers with a silvered place card representing a snow scene attached to the other end.

Have a similar mirror masked in evergreens at each corner, and on it stand a silver candle with shade of white paper sprinkled with diamond dust and painted in mistletoe.

Use green and white cakes and candies in silver baskets or have mounds of snowballs made of cotton batting and tinseled or the bought glass filled with nuts and candy. There could be a mound before each plate.

CUPID MAKES A CHRISTMAS CALL

SHE had written to him: "It will seem quite like old times to have you with us again at Christmas. It seems much longer than four years since you were here, but I am sure things will appear quite as usual to you. We make no change in our yearly program for Christmas. It is really the children's day, as it was when you and I first spent it together. (I hesitated when I went to write how many years ago. It must be eighteen.) But I think father and mother—and I—take quite as much interest in it as grown people do in the circus—quite for the children's sake, of course.

"I would ask you to dinner immediately on your arrival Christmas eve, but if I dared to suggest the presence of an outsider there would be a hubbub among the powers that rule the nursery and—at this season—the entire household. I simply dare not say anything save that we should like to have you come at 9 precisely, so that we may have a little chat before the arrival of our other guests."

And indeed as he walked up the avenue with hi long prairie stride Christmas eve he was depressed to find everything so little changed from the night four years since, when he had left New York for the west to make over his life in a new pattern of work and usefulness.

Here was the familiar door and the old bronze doorknob which had once been on a level with his eyes. And the old butler, whom the Stantons had had for twenty years, opened the door to him and answered his greeting with a respectful "Good evening, Mr. Burnside," giving him his Christian name as if he had called only the evening before. But the hall was hidden in a mass of evergreen and holly, and the electric bulbs glowed in their shades like huge berries in the greenery. And here he seemed suddenly a stranger, coming now on the old Christmas spirit to which his absence had made him an alien. It bewildered him; it saddened him.

He entered the front drawing room and saw the hem of a skirt disappear through the portieres which hung between that and the second drawing room behind it. Some one was placing a Christmas wreath in the middle window, a woman's figure. He did not know her. She turned to greet him with an eager, "Why, Burnside, I am so glad to see you!" and grasped his brown fingers with a warm clasp of a white hand.

She was not of that girlish fragility which he had remembered. She was the elder sister of her old self, but in the excitement and pleasure of seeing him her voice and manner were those of the girl whom he had loved—and lost—four years before. He smiled at her sadly. "How you have grown!" he said.

She arched her eyebrows at him. "And you?" she laughed. "Why, you're as broad and brown as a soldier. I shouldn't have known you. You have changed!"

"Have I?" He caught at it eagerly.

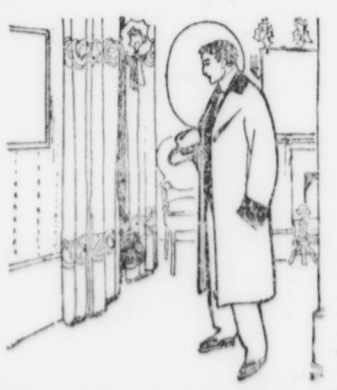
She saw the trouble in his eyes. "They'll all be delighted to see you looking so well"—she avoided it—"so big and strong."

He saw the picture of himself which she carried in her memory of him, and it pained him. He had thought that his letters would have told her.

She held the wreath up to him. "I was pretending to hang it in the window," she confessed, "so that I should be the first to see you. And I didn't know you when you passed."

He smiled again, and they sat down together. "How are they all?"

"As well as ever," she said and began to tell him of them—how the children had been growing; how her mother was aging. "And father," she whispered, "is so deaf. You mustn't



HERE HE SEEMED SUDDENLY A STRANGER.

let him see you notice it. It was the grip last winter." As for herself, her life was the old round. "I keep it full. I ride—with a groom. It isn't as jolly as when we used to ride together. But you—you must be a famous horseman by this time?"

He remembered those rides. What a fool he had been to forfeit all that!

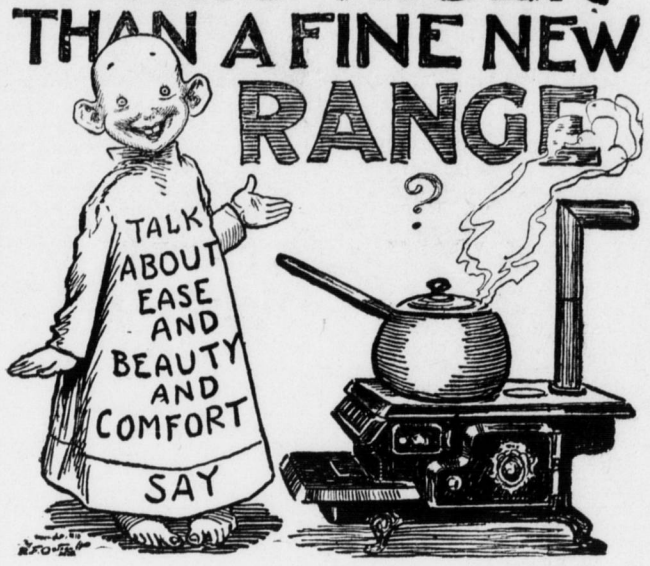
"Yes," he said vaguely. "What an age I have been away!"

"And what a lot you have done," she reminded him. "You don't know how proud we have been of you. I used to read your letters and Stewart's out to father as soon as they came." She had risen. She went over to the window to hang the wreath, with her back to him. "He used to ... for them almost as eagerly as I did."

"Yes, you were all very good," he sighed. It was unkind, though, for her to say such things when she meant nothing by them.

"Did you meet any nice girls out

WHATS NICER THAN A FINE NEW RANGE?



JUST ASK YOUR WIFE IF SHE WOULDN'T LIKE TO HAVE A NEW RANGE? SHE'LL LIKE THE KIND WE SELL. COME AND SEE, WE HAVE THE BEST.

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Our stock of Underwear is complete. National Wool, Fleece lined and Ballbrigan Shirts and Drawers which cannot be surpassed in price or durability. Our line of Overalls, Over Jackets, Pants, Work and Dress Shirts, Wool and Cotton Socks, Gloves and Mitts, will surprise you in price and quality.

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Men and Boys' work and dress Shoes, Ladies and Chil dren's shoes, Complete line and all sizes. Rubbers of allkind for Ladies, Children and Lumbermen's.

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Cannot be surpassed in this line Have everything from a darning needle to a sewing machine. Our line of Embroideries and Insertions are complete. Come look our stock over and be convinced.

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Axes, Shovels, Hinges, Hammers, Hatchets, all kinds and sizes of Nails and Spikes. Our Tinware, etc., consists of Boilers, Milk Pans, Tin Cups, Wash Basins. Full stock of Lumberman's Supplies, Lever Stocks, Neck Yokes, Axe and Pick Handles, Spuds, Mauls, Grabs, etc.

We appreciate all orders and shall endeavor to give our immediate and prompt attention and give you as good service and as reliable goods in the future as we have in the past. Phone orders receive our prompt attention

Yours truly,

C. B. HOWARD & CO.

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F. A. JOHNSON.
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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
EMPORIUM, PA.
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Collections promptly attended to. Real estate and pension claim agent,
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All business relating to estate, collections, real estate, Orphan's Court and general law business will receive prompt attention. 41-25-1y.

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Also dealer in all the Popular Sheet Music,
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Scholars taught either at my home on Sixth street or at the homes of the pupils. Out of town scholars will be given dates at my rooms in this place.

THE NEW ALPINE HOUSE,
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First-class accommodations in every particular. This old and popular House has been thoroughly refitted to meet every requirement of this rapidly growing town. Terms, reasonable.
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Humphreys' Specifics have been used by the people with satisfaction for more than 50 years. Medical Book sent free.

No.	FOR	Price
1	Fevers, Congestions, Inflammations	.25
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30	Urinary Incontinence, Wetting Bed	.25
34	Sore Throat, Quinsy and Diphtheria	.25
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Sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of price.
HUMPHREYS' HOMEO. MEDICINE CO., Corner William and Ann Streets, New York.

PILES RUDY'S PILE Suppository — A cure guaranteed if you use

D. Matt. Thompson, Sup't Graded Schools, Statesville, N. C., writes: "I can say they do all you claim for them." Mr. S. M. Devore, Raven Rock, W. Va., writes: "They give universal satisfaction." Dr. H. D. McGill, Clarksburg, Tenn., writes: "In a practice of 23 years, I have found no remedy to equal yours." PRICE, 50 CENTS. Samples Free. Sold by Druggists. MARTIN RUDY, LANCASTER, PA.

Sold in Emporium by L. Taggart and R. C. Dodson
CALL FOR FREE SAMPLE

LINCOLN'S Catarrh Balm

For Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, Hawking, Spitting, Hay Fever, Sore Throat, Asthma and Grippe.

MINISTERS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND LINCOLN'S CATARRH BALM.

Rev. J P. Pender, Blairsville, Pa.; Rev. S. L. Messenger, Trappe, Pa; Rev. W. G. Brubaker, Phoenixville, Pa,; Rev. J. E. Freeman, Allentown, Pa.; Rev. D. P. Longsdorf, Weissport, Pa.; O. B. J. Haines, Druggist, Allentown, Pa.; Howard R. Moyer, Druggist, Quakertown, Pa., and R. D Fraunfelter, Druggist, Easton, Pa., all say over their own signatures that they have used LINCOLN'S CATARRH BALM and give it their unqualified endorsement.

CATARRH, ASTHMA AND HAY FEVER CURED.

Wm. Heater, Allentown, Pa., writes: He suffered twelve years from Asthma and Catarrh, Lincoln's Catarrh Balm cured him.

John MacGregor. Bridgeport, Pa., writes: That after suffering seven years with Catarrh and Hay Fever, Lincoln's Catarrh Balm cured him.

CURED IN THREE WEEKS.

Chas. Kerler, Jr., Editor Courier, Blairsville, Pa., writes: That he suffered many years from a form of dry catarrh, the first application of Lincoln's Catarrh Balm gave wonderful relief and inside of three weeks he was entirely cured.

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TAGGART'S OLD RELIABLE,
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Contract for Slating
By the square or job. As to my workmanship, I refer, by permission, to the work recently completed for the Hon. B. W. Green.

GEORGE A. WRIGHT.
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Divorce Notice.

To EDWARD TEETS, late of Emporium, Cameron County, Pennsylvania.

WHEREAS, Grace Myrtle Teets, your wife has filed a libel in the Court of Common Pleas of Cameron County of July Term, 1910, No. 23, praying a divorce against you, and you are hereby notified and required to appear in said Court on or before Monday, the ninth day of January, next, to answer the complaint of the said Grace Myrtle Teets and in default of such appearance you will be liable to have a divorce granted in your absence.

JOHN W. NORRIS,
Sheriff of Cameron County.
Emporium, Pa., November 25, 1910.—42-4t.

Administratrix's Notice.

Estate of Robert C. Dodson, late of the Borough of Emporum, County of Cameron and State of Pennsylvania, deceased.

LETTERS of Administration, c. t. a., on the above estate, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said Estate are requested to make payment and those having claims to present the same without delay to

MARY C. DODSON,
Administratrix, C. T. A.
Or to her attorneys,
GREEN & FELT.
Emporium, Pa., Nov. 19th, 1910.—41-6t.

Executor's Notice.

Estate of William Hackenberg, late of the Borough of Emporium, County of Cameron and State of Pennsylvania, deceased.

LETTERS testamentary on the above Estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said Estate are requested to make payment and those having claims to present the same without delay to

OLIVE T. HACKENBERG,
WILLIAM S. WALKER.
WILLIAM L. ERHARD,
Executors.
Or to their Attorneys,
GREEN & FELT.
Emporium, Pa., Oct. 29th, 1910.—38-6t.

NOTICE.

Stockholders' Meeting.

THE Board of Directors of the Emporium Water Company, hereby give notice that a special meeting of the Stockholders will be held at the office of the said Company, in Emporium, Pennsylvania, on Thursday, the twenty-second day of December, 1910, at 2 o'clock, p. m., for the purpose of voting for or against the proposed increase of the capital stock of the said Company from $60,000 to $ 00,000.

By order of the Board of Directors.
JOHN D. LOGAN, Secretary.
October 13, 1910.—35-11t.

Mountain Park Greens House.

Ridgway, Pa,

We have the largest and most up-to-date GREEN HOUSE in Western Pennsylvania.

All orders left at Geo. J. LaBar's, Emporium, Pa., will receive prompt and careful attention. Satisfaction guaranteed. 52-1y.

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY

CURES
Coughs, Colds, CROUP, Whooping Cough

This remedy can always be depended upon and is pleasant to take. It contains no opium or other harmful drug and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult.
Price 25 cents, large size 50 cents.

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We can offer you good Paying Employment that you will enjoy and at home. Write to-day

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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS
TIME TRIED EVERYWHERE WORTH TESTED

THE New Novelty

Ice Cream and Confectionery Parlors

JOHN McDONALD, Manager
Opposite Post Office.
Everything new and Up-to-Date.

Ice Cream, Ices, Soda Water, served in style. Large Cool and Comfortable Rooms.
Experienced Waiters, Prompt Service. We study to please

Our Confectionery, Fruit, and Soda Water department is newly fitted, all good being fresh and pure. We kindly solicit a share of the public patronage. Call and see us and try us.

Private families supplied with Cream or Ices in the most approved packing cases, in the most up-to-date manner.

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Sizerville Mineral Water

Clean, Pure and Healthy.

We are prepared to furnish the citizens of Emporium this popular Water, either PLAIN OR CARBONATED, in bottles.

Drop a postal card—we will do the rest The analysis of the celebrated Sizerville Water has made it famous all over the country.

Orders may be left at Geo. F. Balcom store, or water may be purchased by the case at the same place.

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Magnetic Mineral Water Co.,
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UNITED MEDICAL CO., BOX 76, LANCASTER, Pa.

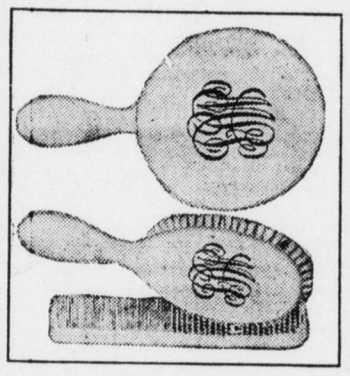
Sold in Emporium by L. Taggart and R. C. Dodson

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR BUSINESS GIRLS

There is no safer investment in the way of a Christmas present for any woman, young or old, than a scarf that may be used for afternoon and evening wear. Scarfs are the direct outcome of the vogue for tunics, fichus, berthas and draped skirts that have invaded the fashions this winter. One scarf can serve a number of purposes. It can be used as fichu on a house gown or worn as a shoulder cape under the evening cloak or adapted to serve as a headdress.

An Ivory Toilet Set.

"I've put my silver set away and now use the ivory toilet set Aunt Marion sent me last Christmas." was



IVORY TOILET SET.

the very pertinent remark made recently by a girl who is successfully working her way to a good salary if not to fame. Yes, there are such comfort and smartness about the new ivory toilet sets that every girl is pleased with them. It is, however, much better to give one or two pieces at a time of the very best quality of ivory than to try to cover a larger field.

Pocket Writing Case.

Why not give her a stationary writing case? You can buy such a convenience for $2.25 of fine durable leather which holds a quire of paper, envelopes, fountain pen and stamps. Or a good print neatly framed to hang in her room is an acceptable gift, and even a calendar, if artistic, is not to be despised. But do be careful if you give her a book, and don't send an edition of Ibsen to the girl who loves the lightest kind of fiction, or vice versa. Handkerchiefs and gloves she'll

POCKET WRITING CASE.

flippantly dub as "commonplace," but she'll be grateful for the gift later on. Silk stockings are always winners in the gift line, and pretty combs for the hair, or an umbrella if it has a stunning handle.

Handy Powder Bag.

The stress and strain of the day's work never seem to make the business girl oblivious to the fact that her nose may be shiny and that a judicious bag of powder will add as much to her well being as the drop of oil given the rod of her typewriting machine. In other words, if you give the business girl a smart little powder bag, such as the one to be seen in the illustration, she will bless you as long as the vanity case lasts. She can conveniently dis-

Little dab of powder,
Little speck of paint,
Make the little freckle
Look as though it ain't.

pose of the little bag in her pocket and surreptitiously give her nose a dab that will add to her satisfaction during the day.

The useful trifle is to be purchased at most department stores and comes in a Christmas box decorated with sprays of holly. There is a glass in one section, and in the other a pocket conceals a tiny chamois bag filled with powder. Small incisions have to be made in the chamois to allow for the outlet of the powder.

Reduction Sale on all Millinery

We have put our entire stock of Trimmed Hats and Tailored Hats on sale at 1-3 of former price.

All Wings and Fancy Feathers at 1-2 former price.

25 per cent. off on Willow Plumes.

We have some bargains in this line of goods.

We have a few of our Fine Pattern Hats which we will sell at a sacrifice.

LUDLAMS.

The Place You Want

CLIPSON R. MARTIN'S

Confectionery Fruit and Cigar Store

Two Doors West of Post office.

We invite you to drop in and see us and price our line of sensible, useful and pure goods. Everything fresh and up to date.

Choicest Candies and Fruits, Cigars and Tobacco

You will Save Money by Dealing Here

C. R. MARTIN.

Good Will Toward All Men

By ETHEL BARRINGTON

In sharp, bleak gusts the wind swept fitfully through Main street, shaking from their vantage points, on roof and porch, great pointed icicles that hung in glistening array, like crystal prisms on a chandelier.

In the road, thick snow had packed and hardened, while the air vibrated with the jingle of bells decorating alike sleighs and runnered wagons. At its head, the thoroughfare widened, to split in four directions, and in one of the triangles thus formed rose the Brick Hotel. It was an exposed spot, one to be avoided in rough weather, affording as it did full scope to the wind to play mad pranks; even, at its wildest, to sweep unfortunate pedestrians before it, like dust before a giant's broom.

Yet on Christmas eve, Maris Favor, returning from the office where the rush of holiday work had detained her far beyond her usual hour, paused, wondering what attracted the crowd of her fellow townsmen. She crossed to the outer edge of the gathering in the roadway, and by a flaring torch, held by a companion of the man who was speaking, she saw a street preacher.

"Good-will towards all men," was the text he preached. "Good-will not alone towards those in our beloved and immediate circle; not alone towards such as we hold in careless tolerant regard, but good-will towards all, whether they have done us good or evil turns. For the advent of the Christ-child, brings with it a brooding spirit of peace to a sin-tossed world.

"Which among you," cried the preacher, his voice risen to accusing note, "which among you, were all secrets known, would not be found to cherish and foster the memory of some special wrong, suffered perhaps years ago, that you hold back, and except when you pray, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us.'"

In the second story of the hotel one of the windows had been raised, and Maris, feeling that curious sensation which is caused by an intent regard, glanced up to encounter the concentrated gaze of the mistress of the hostelry, who leaned a little distance between the parted shutters. Maris, with sullen color mounting to her face, returned the look; power to turn aside being negatived by some strange force in the eyes that compelled hers.

She and the woman, who once had been as a mother to her only to slam the door of happiness in her face, continued to stare across the heads of the preacher and his listening audience.

The older woman leaned a little farther and, with imperative finger, beckoned the girl to enter the hotel. The action broke the spell and Maris, with a defiant negation of the head, turned to pursue her way.

"Maris—"

The girl could not have told whether or not her name had been actually spoken, or was merely a silent cry, a part of the compelling influence she had experienced. Nevertheless her steps lagged and, though yielding had been far from her will, she presently turned about and entered the Brick Hotel.

The door was open, the sitting-room warm with fire and lamp, and Rachel Castle stood listening, her face turned towards the door.

"So the preacher man forced you to think of me after three years of silence?" The girl's voice quivered under the burden of mingled feelings conjured up by the meeting.

"He made the moment opportune," corrected the other. "I have thought of you always."

"Well, say your say, and let me go."

Mrs. Castle moved towards the fire, pushing forward a chair.

"You have grown hard—I should scarcely know you, if it were not for your eyes and hair. Come, sit here, Maris. I cannot stand very long, now."

Unwillingly Maris took the chair indicated, while Mrs. Castle seated herself opposite. In the searching glare of blazing logs, the girl could not fail to remark the change in the other, the figure had become wasted, the face pinched. Her heart stirred uncomfortably. Despite their quarrel Maris owed much to Rachel Castle—the charity of the Brick Hotel had saved her girlhood from the poor-house.

"You have been ill?" she asked.

"For a year; you did not hear?"

The girl shook her head, and her eyes wandered over the room noting the almost imperceptible changes that time had wrought, and welcoming the salient features that lived in her memory; the bookcase, the horse-hair sofa, the marble-topped table with its case of stuffed canaries, many of whom she had fed in life and, last of all, the man's photograph on the mantel, set in its heavy silver frame. She seemed to look long, but in reality after the first moment she could distinguish no single feature, for the hot blinding tears that she would not suffer to fall.

"Ben hasn't changed," said Rachel Castle, following her eyes, "only in manner—as you have done. He's grown hard, and a bit reckless.'"

The girl moved restlessly in her chair.

"I must be going."

"It's pleasant to have you, Maris." The woman ignored the suggestion. "We always did sit together on Christmas eve, if you remember—" Then, as Maris offered no comment, Mrs. Castle drifted into memories of small, intimate happenings of their past daily life, of festivities, and social merriment that marked such seasons as the present one.

"I used to fancy that life would be always the same——" she continued, her voice low with the restraint she put upon herself. "Maris——" her thin hand bridged the space between their chairs and softly touched the girl's knee. You can't have lost all your sweetness. You ain't so hard as you would pretend to me?"

"Don't!" The girl rose abruptly, turning her back deliberately to the photograph in the silver frame. "When we parted I thought you hard, selfish unjust—and I kept my resentment alive, burning deep down in my heart—I wouldn't let it die, just as that preacher down stairs said. When there's a thing like that in your soul, the little shoots of tenderness of charity, that keep a woman's nature sweet, are nipped and starved. You are right—I am changed. But tonight, for the sake of what you did when I was a forlorn, motherless girl, I'd like to shake hands. Wait—" She thrust and clasped her hands behind her back as the elder woman rose, a tender longing, suffusing her pallid face, and continued in a strained and breathless sort of voice. "You thought because Ben was your son, you had a right to decide his life; you thought because you had befriended me, you could dictate my life, too. I see, now, that there was force in both arguments. At

And Rachel Castle Stood Listening—Her Face Turned Towards the Door.

the time the hurt was too deep. I had been only the creature of your charity, where I imagined myself, all but in blood, a daughter."

"You were courageous—I watched you, always, though I never let you know."

"Courageous! What gave me courage to face the world after you had cast me from your home? It was the knowledge that it was not in your power to take Ben from me—I sent him away myself."

"He followed you, then?" Rachel Castle sank back into the armchair. She had not known.

"It's so long ago," the girl told her. "You need not mind."

"Why did you not take him?" the mother questioned curiously.

"Pride—wounded vanity—the fact that I must always be in your debt."

"My dear—you have wiped that out forever"—and with a yearning that would not be denied, the elder woman reached out her arms to the girl.

A shrill whistle caught the other's ear; the sound for which she waited. The express from New York must have deposited its home-coming passengers some minutes before and was again flying through the darkness to its destination.

"I wanted to be sure that you still cared," she whispered, her fingers hovering above the bowed head. "Change, you know, is the one thing we old folks have to learn to reckon with."

"How could I change!" Maris lifted her head in quick resentment, but what she beheld in the close bent face silenced her.

"True—I am the one who has changed. Maris, I acknowledge, now, that having brought you two together, I should have abided by the consequences. But I was ambitious for my boy—I wanted—but that is past. In separating you two, I have built a barrier between myself and my only son—Maris"—her voice was no more than a thread of sound—"I ask you to give him back to me."

There came a quick step on the stair, outside, and in the doorway stood Ben Castle, a little blinded with the sudden glare.

"Mother——" he said, and, leaving Maris where she crouched upon the rug, Rachel Castle moved swiftly towards him.

"Ben!" she cried. "It's like the old Christmases to have you home, and Ben"—clinging to his broad shoulders with both frail hands, as she kissed him again—"Ben, I want you to speak to—her."

Before she closed the door she saw her son drop into the chair where she had sat and, lifting the bowed figure of the girl, crush her hungrily against his heart.

(Copyright, 1910.)

Theodora's Yule Log

By DOROTHY BLACKMORE

"But we'll have to have a Yule log, won't we?" asked Patricia, the sixteen-year-old member of the Morton family.

"Of course. What would Christmas in the country be without a roaring fire in the grate? Theodora, two years older, spoke in a take-it-for-granted manner that caused the other members of the large family to look at each other.

"Wood is more easily burned than bought," remarked a still younger sister, "and you know father isn't as rich as a banker this year. Now if I were a boy or if Willie were a little bigger, we could go out in the woods and hunt some stumps and wood for our Christmas fire."

"If," repeated Patricia.

"Yes; we really need a big brother, don't we, Willie?" asked Theodora of the small boy who was sitting on the floor trying to make his improvised engine run on two laths for tracks.

The little lad paid not the slightest attention to the remarks of his sisters. He was surfeited with that sort of relative and they were as so many uninteresting flies to his diminutive masculine mind. He was the youngest of the family and the only boy, much to the regret of the hard-working father and gentle mother.

"I say, Willie," persisted his sister, "why aren't you big enough to get us some logs for the Christmas fire? We want you to hurry up and be a big brother."

"I'm as big as Carl Jenkins, an' he's bigger'n his sister," argued Willie half-heartedly, still struggling with his obstreperous engine.

"That's logic for you," laughed Patricia, patting the bland curls on the head at her feet.

"It's logs—not logic—we're crazy for," added Theodora, wisely.

"And I might inform you, incidentally that that is the lowest form of humor—it isn't even respectable, my dear sister," observed the sixteen-year-old, with a withering glance.

Miss Theodora was properly subdued for the next few moments, while the remainder of the family discussed ways and means of getting the logs for the Christmas fire.

But then Theodora had been more or less subdued for the last three weeks—ever since the visits of a certain young man had ceased abruptly. No one dared to ask the reason for the unexpected absence and every time the name of Harold Van Kenton was mentioned Theodora would flush to the roots of her hair and turn the subject irrelevantly.

For almost a year Harold had been a bi-weekly guest at the Morton home and he had always joined in all the gayeties of the young folks, albeit, of recent weeks, he had seemed more anxious for the solitary companionship of the oldest daughter than of the whole family. At last, though an engagement never had been announced, it was generally conceded among the friends of the family that Theodora Morton and Harold Van Kenton were betrothed.

Then—his visits had ceased and his friends had noticed that his genial smile was less spontaneous and that he was less ready with his joking remarks to them all. Furthermore, he studiously avoided all social gatherings at which it was possible Miss Theodora might be found. A certain reserve in matters purely personal kept even his most intimate friends from asking what had happened.

And in the case of Theodora it was much the same. She was kind and sweet in her family circle, but the joyousness of her temperament seemed strangely lacking. She was beautiful and the somewhat wistful smile she now wore more than ever enhanced her type. She was tall and strongly built, but pale rather than robust; her deep blue eyes were protected by long, dark lashes and her hair—neither light nor dark—waved softly about her broad, white brow.

For her the approaching Christmas holidays so happily looked forward to by the others, held little promise of gladness. That Harold would not be one of the merry party about the crackling fire made more difference than she dared to admit, even to her innermost conscience.

But he had been at fault. And if he could not come to her like a man and say so, what could she do? She was too proud to tell him to come anyway—thus admitting herself unable to exist without him. And when she was not in the wrong how could she apologize?

He, in his masculine way, had it arranged in his mind differently. If Theodora, after all there had been between them, still persisted in continuing her correspondence with John McShane when it was contrary to his wish—he could not countenance it. If she cared more for the correspondence of this man she had known all her life, but who was now a midshipman in the navy, why—all he could do, as a man if honor, was to leave her free to go to him. If such were not the case, if she cared for him alone, and he objected, she should cease the correspondence and eliminate the bone of contention.

It was only a trifle to a third party, but to them—Theodora and her sweetheart—it was as a matter of life and death. How could he understand that it had been one of her proudest possessions—her ability to hold the friendship of all the boys she had known as a child? Why, she had argued with him, should she deny this boy the friendship that had been theirs almost since babyhood, just because a new man—a different sort of man altogether—had come into her life. If he could not be broad enough to let her have her friends—they were better apart. If he couldn't believe in her sufficiently to accept her word that there was nothing more than a staunch friendship existing elsewhere, he did not love her. Had she not been taught in her catechism at Sunday school to believe first—then to love?

The breach had been widening with an unhappy lover at either end of it. Harold had thought of it all day long and as he wended his way slowly homeward on the suburban train and got off at the little suburban station among commuters, Christmas-bundle-laden and laughing and joking with the very spirit of the holidays, his heart was as heavy as if he had committed a crime.

Soft flakes of snow were flying here and there and he turned up his collar and put his face down as he climbed the hill to his home. He did not once turn in the direction of the Morton home on the opposite side of the street. At his feet, and being quickly covered with snow flakes, he noticed a tiny blue envelope. Almost indifferently, he stooped and picked it up.

In a childish—almost baby hand—was the crude little pencil scrawl that Harold made out to be Santa Claus. What should he do? If he did not open it and read it, it would be covered with snow and the childish wish go ungratified—for he knew it must be a baby's letter to his good St. Nick.

"Please I want a big brother to gather logs, Santa Claus. I want a track for my engine and anything else

"And I Might Inform You Incidentally That That Is the Lowest Form of Humor."

you have that little boys like. I have three sisters but they are bigger than me. Willie Morton."

That was what Harold made the note out to mean. It was without punctuation, without an idea of spelling, but that was the gist of it.

What should he do? He could get the boy the track for his engine; he could get him the other things "a little boy would like"—but the big brother to gather logs—that was the problem.

Then, like a flash, it came to him. Why could he not give him that also—that is, if Theodora would have him. Even the thought of it seemed to put some of the former elasticity into his step as he sped homeward.

That night he rang the Morton door bell and was warmly greeted by all but Theodora. She alone, was reticent and—he almost fancied—inhospitable. One by one, the others ran off to attend to final Christmas duties and he and Theodora were left alone together.

Harold stepped close to her where she sat beneath the great family reading lamp. "Teddy," he said, softly, "let me show you the little note I got today—found, I had better say."

He drew forth the crumpled paper and showed it to her. She read it, drawing her brows together in puzzled thought for a moment while she tried to make it out. Then she looked up at him.

"Well?" she asked.

"Can't we let Willie have the big brother to gather logs—dear?"

She did not speak but her head dropped slowly to the arm of the great chair.

"Can't we, Teddy?" he asked.

After a long time—oh, after they had talked for a half hour of a thousand silly things including Yule logs and John McShane's correspondence—Teddy said:

"I suppose it would be a shame to spoil the child's faith in Santa Claus, wouldn't it? You may be his brother—his big brother to gather logs."

And the Yule log was so big and burned so brightly for the whole Morton family including its new son-to-be that the young man in question found it necessary to sit with the daughter of the house until well along in the evening just to keep the sparks from flying about too gayly and setting a more dangerous fire than the one that had been rekindled in the hearts of two.

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The universal spread of Doildom and Drumdom is infinitely preferable to that of the Doldrums.

And the Greatest Is Charity

By LOUISE OLNEY

Joanna Thurston dispatched the last little ribbon-tied, holly-sprigged packet by a messenger boy, and came in from the hall with a sigh of relief. It was late afternoon, and Walter Thurston sat before the open fire in masculine peace midst the pre-Christmas swirl of the household—and of the world. He was smoking, and his wife sat upon the arm of his chair and took his pipe from him.

"There! The family duty is done for another year! Nobody forgotten—I remembered last year's troubles and kept a list. Your folks, and my folks, our servants, our friends——"

"Our near-friends, and our might-be foes!" he interruptted with a little laugh. "I'll wager that my good wife didn't neglect the Bentons, second cousin Tessie—even Mrs. Winkler!"

"The Bentons can harm—or help your business, cousin Tessie might leave you her fortune, and anyway she's old and alone; Mrs. Winkler has a most scandalous tongue, and one instinctively keeps on her right side, and she gave us an extravagant wedding gift, you know." Walter Thurston nodded his head, and sighed in unison with his wife.

"I wish one could be quite, quite sincere!" she said. "I wish we could give only what and to whom the heart prompts."

"The head permits—and the purse makes possible," he finished. "Give me back my pipe, girl! By the way, what did you send to—Fannie?"

Joanna jumped from her seat and faced him from the mantel, her little head high, her pretty face flushed, but her eye cold, her tongue silent.

"Nothing," she said at last. "She deserves nothing. She tried to separate us by her wiles, and her slander—and almost succeeded, as you know! I don't care if we were brought up together almost like sisters. And her runaway marriage—and a divorce in three months after, and her indiscretion making everyone talk! What, I would like to know, could I send her?" Her husband's eyes kindled with his thought.

"What could you send her? How about the gift of mercy—of forgiveness. How about the real gifts? I thought we had both held them in mind this year?" She stared at him, but comprehendingly. She had not thought of forgiving—Fannie.

"Do you doubt—my love, Jo?" She came over to his arms, and shook her head. "You surely know I never—cared for her! You are surely above jealousy. And she was—very unhappy about Bert Fountain. I am sure she thought you managed to get him interested in May Saunders, and so she told those stories out of pure revenge!"

"She was—outrageous," flamed the young wife of hardly two years. But Walter persisted. He wanted peace, even with this foolish third cousin.

"Well, nothing is too outrageous to forgive! and remember that our set has more or less cut her ever since—and that she did not get Bert whom she certainly loved. She was more unfortunate than to blame in her marriage, but nobody will forgive her and take her back to favor until you do."

"She's in Europe—What's the difference?"

"No—she's come back. I saw it in the paper this afternoon. She's at the Burkley. You see she's come home for Christmas, Jo." He turned his wife's sweet face so that he could see it, but a hard look settled about her mouth. He made haste to change the subject, knowing he had said enough, and that she would remember his words.

"How about the dinner tomorrow? Everybody safe to come? I just gave the cook $5 and a lot of deserved praise—it may polish off her perfection as well as her good nature! Who've you got for Bert Fountain to take out?"

She hesitated. "You'll think me crazy, but it's —May Saunders. They might make up after all. He's like the man in the vaudeville song—'tired of living alone.' I know the symptoms. Our cozy home makes him sigh for one like it. When a man's as desperately lonesome as Bert, almost any pretty and clever young woman—and a house party—will do the rest. Five couples is about all the house will hold, though there will be more than 30 just for the dinner. The 10 will simply stay after the others leave. Why don't you say something."

"May Saunders!" he reflected. "You risk things, Jo! I am convinced that he never really cared for her! I wish you'd given some one else the chance, that's all. It would have reinstated Fannie, for instance, just on her return, into the good graces of our old set. She will have learned discretion after this miserable marriage of hers, which you must admit was not her fault. Bert always wanted her." Joanna opened her mouth to argue, but the doorbell rang and her husband rose to answer it and save the busy servants. A moment later he put his fur-capped head in to say.

"Going down street with Robinson a while. I'll be back soon."

Joanna Thurston sank down in the big chair and sat thinking. She looked about the pretty room, thought about her perfect married happiness, her well-ordered house, the social authority which as a young matron was following on her popularity and correctness as a young girl.

Presently she rose and went over the house, already perfect in every detail. She conferred again with the cook, and finally was recalled to the living-room by the ringing of the 'phone. It was May Saunders with a sorry tale of illness in her home, whither she must start at once, and of real grief that she must give up the dinner and the house party. She hoped Joanna would not be put out, either, but it was so hard to get any one so late in such a gay season and so many out of town for the holidays.

Joanna went back to the fire and, foot on fender, stood looking down at the flames. Whom should she have in Mary's stead? Then her gaze came back to the mantel, and fell on a little illuminated card received in the last mail from on old aunt.

It was a Scripture verse and made her think of her childhood and the rewards of merit at Sunday school. She picked it up and read it.

"And now abideth faith, hope and charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity." She repeated the last phrase to herself, and remembered her generous check for the city's poor, her class at the settlement, the young girl she kept in clothes, even the widow who came nightly to her kitchen for left-over food—her generosity to her family and friends. Was this charity? Perhaps—but not all—not enough. What had her husband said of mercy?—forgiveness? Then her mind returned to the missing dinner guest—and to Fannie, poor, silly,

"What Could You Send Her? How About the Gift of Mercy?"

mistaken, unhappy Fannie. She stood, still with the card in her hand. Then she dropped it and went to the 'phone.

She searched the book for a number, called for the Burkley, and Mrs. Frances Stone. She held the receiver to her ear and waited.

"Is that you, Fannie? Yes—guess who. No! no! It's Jo, Joanna Thurston! I just learned that you are at home again. I have an invitation for you, and under the circumstances I hope you will waive ceremony and accept, even if it is at the eleventh hour! Of course I could not know you would be back. Walter and I are giving a Christmas dinner—the old crowd—you'll know them all, about thirty of them, and a house party after for about ten people—our most intimate friends. Could you come? Yes? Well, can you put up with Bert Fountain to take you out?" Then she listened for some little time, and the tears came to her eyes. "Why, Fan! Please don't—why, are you crying over the 'phone. Somebody will hear you, child, even if the booth is closed! Walter and I don't hold anything against you—not a thing!—probably we misjudged you, too." Her voice rang true and sincere, for she never did things by halves. Since she was to forgive, she would forgive freely, and follow the forgiveness by forgetfulness. Another bit of generous trust occurred to her, and she spoke once more.

"Fannie, can't you come out to the house for a little talk tonight? I'll send Walter to bring you—about eight. All right; be ready! Good-by, dear!" Fannie's plea for forgiveness, her evident joy at being received back into friendship and favor, affected Joanna as she would not have believed. Her eyes shone with tears and her cheeks were flushed. She rose from the 'phone chair—and faced her husband, who stood calmly listening.

"Walter, you heard me! See what your preaching did to soften an unforgiving spirit," she laughed. He drew her close, then held her off to look at her, and pulled her with him back to the fire.

"Such a little brick! Such a wife!" he exclaimed. Then he stooped to pick up the little illuminated Christmas card from the rug.

"Your text," she submitted, demurely, "and a very good text indeed! I think I can repeat it, as I used to when I came home from church and was going to show grandfather how very good I was. 'And now abideth faith, hope and charity, these three: but the greatest of these is charity.' Walter—Fan actually—cried!

He reached for his wife's hand, and the two stood in the firelight and the peace and good will of the Christmas spirit crept with its blessing into their open hearts.

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THE FOOL'S SEARCH

EPISODE IN JOSTLING THRONG OF CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS.

Order for Purchase of a Fool's Canendar Brings Funny Experiences —Men, Women and Children All Are Mad.

THEY are all mad; men, women, children, spinsters and bachelors, floorwalkers and clerks, drivers and delivery boys, it would seem there could be no madder, merrier time.

The funniest things happen, if one only had time to dwell on them and laugh over them, but such enjoyment is denied in these days of strain and struggle.

In a moment of thoughtless good-nature we promised to do the family shopping. Among the thousand and one commissions handed over in immediate response to the thoughtless good-nature was the order for purchase of "The Fool's Calendar." We set forth, a list three-times-forty long in our groaning, much-abused hand-bag, and entered the first shop come upon, in our sub-consciousness feeling that we, like the rest of the jostlers, fitted in pretty well with the title of that calendar. Down the aisle came a rattled-looking, hair-disturbed, generally disturbed gentleman whose province seemed the directing of frenzied fanciers to the respective departments of their fancy, but the Christmas spirit so possessed him he was not quite himself, not able to place his "Madames" and "Sirs." As short-skirted, rose-wreathed hatted, we steered his way, he glanced with wrinkled brow and questioning worry to what might be our demand. "Do you sell calendars here?" We asked in heat of hurry, to which he replied glibly, "Yes, Sir," and never knew he was not using the usual form of address to a woman. He led us then with rapid step to the calendar square, where spread out and uprose floor, roof and pillars of calendars, it would seem every time—chronicler for every taste. And then feeling very like a fool ourselves, we asked in a low voice, "Have you 'The Fool's Calendar?'" "No," says he, "But," and a gleam of keen intellect lights his eye, "We have 'Saints and Sinners.'"

We wanted to shriek with laughter, we forgot all the hurry and not-money-enough or time-enough. It paid for all the crowding and mobbing and back-ache and heart-ache of the day.

Funny enough was the woman encountered in mid-afternoon entering the much-advertised, much-crowded book-room of a department store in haste to get at the forty-eight centers and thirty-niners; she was high and broad and muscular, an Amazon that need not have put on extra effort to make her way—but the spirit of Christmas—the modern—was strong upon her,—and as we passed her on the way out into blessed out-of-doors, even in our hurry we could not but notice her wild look, her panting breath, her elbows out on defensive and offensive the way in which she marched on, unswervingly, unrelentingly, like an avalanche, toward the bargain books.

Overheard at the book counter: "Don't you think a nice little book like this is a good present to give?" "A little book? What is the name?" "Why I don't know, but it's a nice little book in clean white binding. I believe I'll get a dozen. A dozen, please, and see that they're all fresh."

The calendar square again. Women madly struggling; another Amazon, this one brow-beating a pale-faced girl afflicted with a cold and, wearing a too-much Christmas air: "Can't you get me envelopes to put those calendars in?"—dimensions of calendars 18 by 24 inches—"It's so hard when you get home to hunt around and pack things. I wouldn't have bought the calendars if I hadn't thought you would pack 'em. Say, take that new one out of that nice box, hang it up and give me the box. Not allowed to? What's the dif, they'll never know." And the pale-faced clerk bends to the Amazon's will.

A large, canny, prosperous gentleman at a candy store, carefully selecting and considering purchase of 25 cents worth of Kindergarten mixed.

Brave, foolish, big-hearted shop girls many spending their present all, and drawing on the future, to make a Christmas for the army at home.

We do a generous deed, one that calls for large sacrifice. We have gone down town all saddled, all bridled, for the day's work, three neat long pencils neatly sharpened to long points, when we become one of a mob assailing the enclosure where blank-books, tissue-paper, holly-stickers and all that are confirmed frm the greedy hands of thousands hungry to get their share for the urgent necessity of doing up gifts with approved ornate complexity. The clerks here all pale and grippe-y looking; one, so wee and pallid, has momentarily lost her reason because of the loss of her pencil. A line of people wait with feverish impatience, scowls deepen, muttered growls are heard, the wee, pallid girl grows more pallid and grippe-y looking. With mighty effort of the will, we hand forth one of those precious, neat, long-pointed pencils; the pale face glows, the tension of the crowd lessens, we feel ourselves both private and public benefactor.

Another pale-faced, grippe-y looking clerk, this one standing looking wistfully at cases where bright silver gleams through the glass. "Give me a spoon for a child, something cheap," And she herself needs a pair of shoes!

Husband and wife shopping in unwonted personal partnership, always the talk of what "It" will like, The Child. And the sight of the deeply interested faces of the many husband-and-wife groups, sets us to believe, after all. There is method in the general madness, for who would not be a fool for The Child's sake!

KATHERINE POPE.

OLD STORIES OF CHRISTMAS

Some Have Interest, Freshness and Beauty That Keep Them Always New.

There are some so-called "old stories" that are really not old, for they have an interest, a freshness and a beauty that keep them always new. Of such are the story of Christmas and all the legends and tales that belong to the great festival.

There is a legend in Germany that when Eve plucked the fatal apple the leaves of the tree immediately shriveled into needle points and its bright green turned dark. The nature of the tree changed and it became an evergreen, in all seasons preaching the story of man's fall through that first act of disobedience. Only on Christmas does it bloom brightly with lights and become beautiful with love gifts. The curse is turned into a blessing by the coming of the Christ child, and thus we have our Christmas tree.

The visits of St. Nicholas to the homes of the people on Christmas eve as an annual custom grew out of a festival in honor of Hertha, a Norse goddess. At this festival the house was decorated with evergreens and an altar of stone was set up at the end of the hall, where the family assembled. From Hertha's stone we get our word "hearthstone." On the stones so set up were heaped fir branches, which were set afire, and through the smoke and flame Hertha was supposed to descend and influence the direction of the flames, from which were predicted the fortunes of those present.

EAT, DRINK AND BE MERRY

Throw Forebodings to the Winds and Let Christmas Season Be One of Joy.

Let joy reign! Let care go to the dogs. Throw forebodings to the winds! Christmas comes but once a year. Let the young folks enjoy it to the full! Let the old folks stop their croaking about rheumatism for that day at least, and remember the time when they, too, were young and could dance with the merriest.

And let the little stockings be filled, and let us all bear with equanimity the blowing on toy trumpets, and the tooting on mouth organs, and the drumming on sixpenny-halfpenny drums, which are sure to follow! The boys can be boys but once, and what is a boy if he cannot make a noise?

And so the years go on, and one Christmas follows another, and we eat and drink and are merry; we greet our friends, and we part with them, and our lives march along, and through faith in the sacrifice which our Christmas day commemorates we look forward to a more perfect Christmas when the guests shall gather in the Father's house.

Crippled.

Beggar (piteously)—Please help a poor cripple at this festive season, sir.

Kind Old Gent (handing him some money)—Bless me! Why, of course. How are you crippled, my poor fellow?

Beggar (pocketing the money)—Financially crippled, sir.

Christmas Giving.

There are a great many people in the world whom we know more or less, but to whom for various reasons we cannot very well send a Christmas gift. But there is hardly one, in all the circles of our acquaintances, with whom we may not exchange the touch of Christmas life.

In the outer circles, cheerful greetings, courtesy, consideration; in the inner circles, sympathetic interest, hearty congratulations, honest encouragement; in the inmost circles, comradeship, helpfulness, tenderness.

After all, Christmas-living is the best kind of Christmas giving.—Henry Van Dyke.

Just a Smart Boy.

There is nothing the matter with the small boy who presents his mother with a pair of felt slippers for Christmas. He is just a smart boy, that is all.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN

DONATION CAUSES CONSTERNATION IN CHURCH.

Little Ad Slipped Into Stately Anthem by Charitable Summer Cottager Breaks Up Christmas Day Services in Confusion.

IT WAS a charitable summer cottager who put up the money for a new church at the summer resort of X—, down on the Atlantic coast. The village parson was grateful beyond words, for the old structure had been an eyesore to the folk who desired of all things to attract wealthy summer resorters.

But when the season was over and the new church was finished his reverence discovered that no provision had been made for hymnbooks. The congregation was notably poor and not in the habit of pinching itself for the sake of charity, so the outlook for a supply of new books was very precarious. It was a late summer man—a man of reputed wealth and influence in the distant city whence he hailed—who came to the relief of the devout clergyman.

"I'll buy hymn books for the church," said he, "and send them down to you—on one condition—that you let me insert a small ad. that will really not be noticeable. It's an ad. that I assure you will bring great comfort to your flock."

The simple country divine pondered the offer carefully, and finally, after a vestry meeting, it was decided that there could be no possible sin in accepting such an offer. The donor was a man of such integrity and character that the rest was assured.

"Well, the books came down from the city, 100 of them, finer than anything the people had dreamed of. They were still very new at Christmas—in fact, had never been in use until that day. In great pride, the parson called out the number of the good old favorite Christmas hymn: "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing."

The congregation, equipped with their new books, turned the pages rapidly and were ready. The organ struck up the tune that everybody knew. And lustily sang the people, gazed steadfastly on the written words:

"Hark the herald angels sing,
Faker's pills are just the thing."

The parson listened, looked, brushed his hand over his eyes, and a moment's panic passed over the church. But it passed. Then on into another verse they plunged:

"Peace on earth and mercy mild
Two for a man, and one for a child."

rang the impious words. The parson coughed, closed his book, and the service broke up in confusion. Everybody had forgot that the generous hymn book man was interested in a patent medicine.

Christmas Superstitions.

The United States is almost poverty stricken in so far as its collection of superstitions is concerned, our early settlers having failed to import many from Europe, and not adopting those of the Indians. Of course some of us don't like to see the new moon over the left shoulder, or start on a journey on Friday, and the like, but few of us take even these very seriously. We must go to "the old countries" to get superstitions with any genuine thrill in them. There are a number which have to do with Christmas.

In North Germany, where the practical yet poetic spinning wheel still hums in the cottages, one must not spin during the 12 nights of Christmas lest he or she walk after death. (To the American reader it may occur that this would probably be more disturbing to others than to one's self.) If the spinning is done after sunset on Saturday, mice will eat the work. If one wishes to have money and good luck all the year, one should not fail to eat herring on New Year's day.

Rustling of Leaves.

Until a few years ago Hampshire rustics used to sit up till 12 o'clock on old Christmas night, and as soon as they heard the leaves rustling they went to the nearest comstall to watch the animals get up and lie down on the other side. The idea of watching the animals arose from the belief that at 12 o'clock on the night of the Nativity oxen knelt in their stalls in honor of the event; that the rustling of the leaves refers to the tradition that thorn trees blossom at midnight to commemorate the Saviour's birth.

Cornish folk believe that sheep turn to the east and bow their heads on old Christmas night in memory of the sheep belonging to the shepherds at Bethlehem, and in Yorkshire bees hum in their hives on the same occasion.

A Christmas Absent.

Father—Sammy, what is your teacher going to give you for a Christmas present?

Sammy—A holiday.

Father—I should call that an absent instead of a present.

The Real Culprit

☆ ☆ ☆

A mistletoe berry
Had caught in her hair!
She wasn't to blame,
She had not put it there,
That mistletoe berry
A-tilt in her hair.

Lips red as a cherry,
It hardly was fair,—
Yet *he* wasn't to blame,
For it's clear that the same
Was the fault of the berry
That caught in her hair.

THE CALL OF CHRISTMAS

Inspiration of Time Should Bring Us Deeper Sense of Personal Responsibility.

It is Christmas time, and at this moment the call is to lift up our hearts and welcome the Light of the World, to rest for a while in the glory of that light; not, indeed, forgetting the lessons he would have us learn, nor those great servants of his who taught us to know and love and work, and have passed away; but in thankfulness and adoration seeking to learn more and more how he would have us serve him. The inspiration of this blessed time should bring us a deeper sense of personal responsibility, and of our duty to our neighbor in regard to questions touching the general welfare; and, beyond all, a deeper faith—that faith by which mountains can be removed—and a truer love, a devotion that can bear even the reproach of the cross, if permission may but be granted to share in bearing a part of that burden.

The advent of Christ makes us debtors to God and man. It is therefore not for us to question whether others are kind to us, as whether there is love, gentleness, meekness, sympathy and helpfulness in our own lives, or not. With this spirit of the season reflected and perpetuated in the life, Christmas giving will resolve itself into Christ-like giving every day from Christmastide to Christmastide of every year of grace. Christ came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, to suffer, and to die for others, even his enemies. Rising far above the lower aim of getting and gaining solely for self, the grateful heart will ask: "What can I give to my Redeemer who gave himself for me, and what can I do for others, for his sake, and the gospel's?" That is the reincarnation of the Christ spirit, and exalts him who said: "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

THE GOOD TIME COMING

Christmas an Earnest of Better Day When War and Devastation Shall Cease.

Christmas is an earnest of that better day when the awful waste of war, the devastation of preventable disease and the burdens of poverty which so shame our overabundance shall die out like some evil dream of an ignorant past. Then, indeed, there will be no trace of mockery in the resounding professions of good will; the poet's forecast will take form in that realized state "wherein no lives are seen huddled in lanes unseen," but where a righteous plenty spreads itself far and wide:

"'Tis where the home is pure,
'Tis where the bread is sure,
'Tis where the wants are fewer
And each want fed:
Where plenty and peace abide,
Where health dwells heavenly eyed.
Where in nooks beautiful
Slumber the dead."

Important.

Millionaire (to his daughter—"Tell me, child—that young man who wants to marry you this Christmas, has he got any money?

Miss Innocence—Money, father? Why, he has just given me a cluster diamond ring studded with pearls!

Millionaire—Yes, I know. Has he any money left?

Christmas Omens.

Happy and prosperous will be the babe born at Christmas; long-lived and happy the bride that is married then; and it is very lucky for Christmas to fall on a Monday. It is good to give gifts of many kinds at this season; but let no housewife, be she the most free-handed woman in the world, throw or give away ashes or salt before breakfast on Christmas morning. A bright Christmas means a bright New Year, and may this Christmas be of brightest omen!

FOLK LORE OF DAY

BELGIAN CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS THAT ARE DYING OUT.

Celebration of Festival Still Presents Much That Is Interesting—Old Customs Traceable to Heathen Rites and Practices.

ALTHOUGH not so keenly followed up as in Germany and England, the festival of Christmas, as celebrated in Belgium, still presents a certain amount of interest, especially in respect to its traditional aspect. Many of the old customs, which today are but a mere mockery of their original selves, are traceable to old heathen rites and practices.

The priesthood, realizing the veneration in which these customs are still held, not only refrain from discountenancing practices which the holy church regards as heretical on account of their origin, but even enjoins the due observance on the people. Wherever possible, details of these customs have been modified with a view of bringing them into as close obedience as possible with the instructions of the Vatican.

One of the easiest tasks in this respect was the encouragement of the old custom of ceasing work for 12 days after Christmas and postponing the discussion of all differences and legal disputes for the same period. Among the "seasonable customs and beliefs" which have for the most part ben dying out, if they are not already dead in many parts of the country, are the following:

Christmas eve being dedicated to Adam and Eve, boys born on that day were christened Adam, and girls Eve.

Fortune telling on Christmas day was indulged in; at Brussels, for example, the burghers assembled around the fire and roasted chestnuts, listening to their "fortunes" meanwhile. At Spa, a handful of salt was cast upon the table by the host; if it melted there would be a death in the family or else a wet year in the country, though if the salt remained hard a guest would die, if, by chance, one of the lights went out at the critical moment.

Among the metal workers of the province of Hainaut molten lead was plunged into water, and the figures produced by the operation were supposed to represent incidents in the life of the "plunger."

In the Ardennes, the weather for the coming year was determined by placing lighted candles in walnut shells, which were allowed to float on a basin of water. If the candles went out the year would be a bad one, agriculturally speaking; if the remained alight until the end it would be a good year.

Nuts thrown on the fire by lovers foretold joy if they burned with a sputtering; sorrow, if there was any noise.

According to an existing belief, everything living changes its position at the hour of midnight on Christmas day. Everything sown in the fields that day is bound to bear fruit—even though it be sown on the snow itself.

While it is considered unlucky to spin flax on Christmas day, a shirt made from flax on that night is "good for many ills." Christmas day eggs always produce fine chicks. A farmer could ensure good crops from his fruit trees by striking them with an ax on Christmas day, always provided that nobody went near the trees with a spinning wheel within 24 hours.

In the province of Antwerp the peasants say that a "hellwagen" or charlot of blood is driven through the sky at full gallop on Christmas night, the explanation being that some impious peasant dared to go out wood gathering with his wagon one Christmas night, and that, by way of punishment, he is condemned to drive hrough the sky year by year.

Decorations in Middle Ages.

They did their Christmas decorations very thoroughly in the middle ages. "Every man's house, as also the parish churches, were decked with holm, ivy, bays and whatever the season of the year afforded to be green," we read in Stow, but he omits to mention that decking with evergreens in the month of December, like most of the details of our Christmas festivities, was heathen in origin. It originated, for all that, in a very poetic idea, for the Druids did it so that the woodland spirits might have a warm place in which to take shelter until the spring came round again and the trees out of doors once more had leaves of their own.

No Leavings.

Tramp (to little Willie, who has opened the door)—Have yer had yer Christmas dinner yet, little boy?

Willie—No; we're just going to eat it now.

Tramp—Then perhaps if I wait around I can get some of the eatables left over?

Little Willie (feeling of his stomach)—There ain't going to be anything left.

A Christmas Carol

Pause a while, O earth and heaven;
draw ye near in wonder dread.
For the Lord of Life Eternal lieth
in a stable bed;
Cradle lowly!
Yet made holy,
By that resting Infant Head.

Come, ye shepherds, come, ye
wise men—high and low your
homage bring,
For the sleeping Babe you worship
cometh as your Saviour King!
'Tis the Christ-Child,
Who, self-exiled,
Left His throne on love's swift wing.

Come ye here, and taste the
earnest of a joy above!
Ye shall find within this manger,
guarded by the Holy Dove,
Life immortal,
Through the portal
Opened by a Saviour's Love!

CHRISTMAS AND MISTLETOE

Nature Worship Reflected in Use of Mistletoe at Christmas Time.

A great many years ago, before the time of Christianity, the oak tree, and especially the mistletoe, growing out of the heart of the oak, were reverenced for their supposed affinity with the sun. The Druids worshiped the sun as the one supreme god, and believed the oak to be in some way associated with the sun because they made fire by rubbing oak sticks together, the oak being at once the most common tree and the most suitable for the purpose. Twice each year these Celtic priests gave a religious festival in honor of the sun, their places of worship being in the oak groves. In June, when the sun was known to have ceased mounting higher in the heavens, the Druids gave thanks, because a nearer approach of the sun was thought to be possible, and this, of course, would result in the burning up of the earth. In December, at the time of the short days, the Druids prepared a celebration in honor of the sun's turning back from his downward journey, which was recognized as the days began to grow longer. This second celebration was quite naturally the happiest time, the people holding the sun in such fear in June. It was then the mistletoe was honored as being the very essence of the oak.

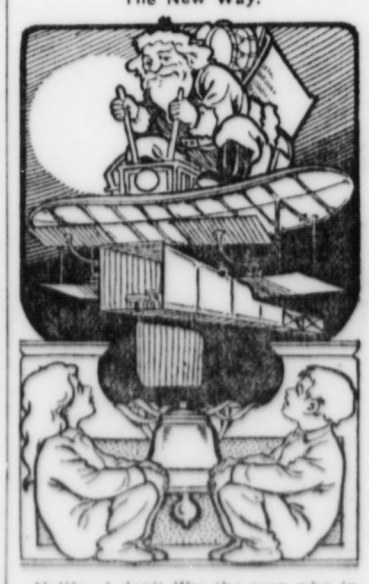
When eventually the church was established and its followers turned the ancient December celebration into Christmas, the mistletoe was hung up by way of compromise, although it had nothing to do with the new religion. And so even today, in our use of evergreen and holly, and eke the occasional sprig of mistletoe, we reflect the nature worship which gave us, perhaps, not only the foundation of our Christmas, but for our love of nature as well.

SHEPHERDS WATCH AT NIGHT

Refutation of Contention That They Could Not Have Watched on December Night.

Some historians contend that the shepherds could not have watched by night on the Bethlehem plains in December, it being a period of great inclemency. In answer to this a well-known student says: "Bethlehem is not a cold region. The mercury usually stands all the month of December at 46 degrees. Corn is sown during this time, and grass and herbs spring up after the rains, so that the Arabs drive their flocks down from the mountains into the plains. The most delicate never make fires till about the end of November, and some pass the whole winter without them. From these facts I think it is established without doubt that our Saviour was born on the 25th of December, the day which the church throughout the world has united to celebrate in honor of Christ's coming in the flesh."

The New Way.



Nellie—I don't like the man who invented airships.

Jack—Why?

Nellie—'Cause papa says they can't carry very much, and if Santa Claus uses one he can't bring all the things I want.

Christmas on A Canalboat

"How are we going to spend Christmas?" exclaimed the good natured Mrs. Captain Boggs, seemingly a bit surprised at the question, for canalboat folk are sensitive of any criticism aimed in their direction.

"Why, we're going to spend the day just like other folk. Some think because we live on canalboats we don't have any comforts and eat like savages. My, but I'd a heap sight rather live down here than in a flat like my niece's. She's got six rooms, and they don't begin to be as big as mine.

"If you think there ain't room just look here," and Mrs. Boggs displayed the secrets of a suit of rooms, the ingenuity of the arrangement rivaling the den of the New York bachelor girl. Out of the main cabin, which served as living and dining room combined, two alcoves jutted, besides an infinitesimal corner dubbed the kitchen, but which was even tinier than the modern apartment house kitchenette.

While under ordinary circumstances the kitchen was part of the cabin proper, two doors at right angles to each other could be drawn out, which, meeting, formed a room by itself. A shiny coal stove or range quite filled the compartment, leaving just room before it in which to work, while above it every inch of wall space was utilized with pots and kettles and kitchen utensils of every sort.

A low cupboard opening into the hold contained more articles of kitchen use, as well as vegetables and canned goods. Bunks were displayed in the two other alcoves, which were in open view of the cabin. But from the recesses of the boat Mrs. Boggs pulled out a sliding door, which completely divided the space into two rooms, and when curtains were drawn into the cabin the occupants enjoyed all the privacy desired.

A big divan could be opened up at night into a roomy double bed, and another bunk, "just under the eaves," was sufficiently large to tuck two small youngsters away. Chests of drawers built in, wardrobes and cupboards in out of the way places supplied room for bedding, clothing and the boots and shoes of a family of children.

One of the biggest surprises in the boat, one which conveyed a hint that might be applied in small houses where room is at a premium, was the preserved fruit lockers.

"We all do up our own fruit," went on Mrs. Boggs. "You see, while we go up the canal we are in the country most of the time, and it is much cheaper to put up our own fruit than

"I'D A HEAP SIGHT RATHER LIVE DOWN HERE."

buy it in winter, and this is where we store it."

Going to the stairs up the companionway, she pulled out tiny drawers. Small knobs jutted out from the face of each step with which to open the drawers, while within there was quite room enough to allow pint fruit jars to stand upright.

A cold storage room was tucked away in the hold, into which a small door about two feet in height opened. The dining table was a folding affair which turned up against the wall of the cabin when not in use.

When some surprise was expressed at the presence of a sewing machine in the room Mrs. Boggs said: "Oh, that's nothing! Many of the boats have organs as well, and there is one fitted up with a porcelain bathtub. So, you see, we have some of the luxuries of city houses and plenty of good air and sunshine. A concert is to be given on one of the boats here New Year's eve, and if you should like to come down we'd be glad to have you and show you a bit of canalboat hospitality."

A Christmas Game.

The "chest" may be arranged in any way that will hide one of the players. The game is based on the old poem, "Mistletoe Bough:"

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall.
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall.
The baron's retainers were blithe and gay
A-keeping the Christmas holiday.

The "retainers" all form a ring about the "lover," who is blindfolded. The retainers sing:

Here we are so blithe and gay,
Keeping our Christmas holiday.
One will hide in the chest hereby.
To guess who it is you must surely try.

With that one of the "retainers" runs and hides in the improvised chest. The "lover" is led to it, and he may ask questions of the hidden one, who may reply by "Yes" or "No," disguising the voice. By these answers the "lover" must tell who the retainer is. If he fails he must try again. When he succeeds the hidden person becomes the lover.

Scott's Rhyme of Merry Christmas

Heap on more wood! The wind is chill,
But, let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deemed the newborn year
The fittest time for festal cheer,
And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled
And brought blithe Christmas back again
With all his hospitable train.

Domestic and religious rite
Gave honor to the holy night.
On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;
That only night in all the year
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dressed with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry men go
To gather in the mistletoe.

Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf and all;

THEN CAME THE MERRY MASKERS IN.

Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doffed his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose;
All hailed with uncontrolled delight
And general voice the happy night
That to the cottage as the crown
Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge hall table's oaken face,
Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.

Then was brought in the lusty brawn
By old blue coated serving man;
Then the grim boar's head frowned on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green barbed ranger tell
How, when and where the monster fell,
What dogs before his death he tore
And all the baiting of the boar.

The wassail round, in good brown bowls,
Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls.
There the huge sirloin reeked; hard by
Plum porridge stood and Christmas pie,
Nor failed old Scotland to produce
At such high tide her savory goose.

Then came the merry maskers in,
And carols roared with blithesome din;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note and strong.
England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

—Sir Walter Scott.

THE WREN BUSH.

An Old Custom Still Observed In Ireland at Christmas.

Among the many odd customs still observed in Ireland at Christmas few are more curious than the practice of carrying about "the wren bush" on St. Stephen's day, and antiquaries are puzzled to explain why the poor little "king of all birds" should be put to death on the festival of the first martyr.

The most probable explanation is that the wren was sacred to the Druids and was used by them in divination and other pagan rites at the festival of the winter solstice, which almost coincided with Christmas, and consequently the clergy urged their converts to destroy the birds which were associated with such unholy rites, just as St Patrick's relentless destruction of the images of serpents, used in the ancient pagan worship of Ireland, gave rise to the legend that he—

Gave the snakes and toads a twist
And banished them all forever.

This seems the more likely because "drong," the old Irish name for "wren," also means "a Druid," and old folk still call "Jenny" the "Druid bird" and say that she has the gift of prophecy and that those who can interpret her twitterings as she hovers about a house or flies from bush to bush can read the future. In the library of Trinity college, Dublin, there is a curious document describing how to interpret the notes of the wren.—Maud F. Sergent in Lancaster's Magazine.

Wants to Help Some One.

For thirty years J. F. Boyer, of Fertile, Mo., needed hely and couldn't find it. That's why he wants to help some one now. Suffering so long himself he feels for all distress from Bachache, Nervousness, Loss of Appetite, Lassitude and Kidney disorders. He shows that Electric Bitters work wonders for such troubles. "Five bottles, he writes, wholly cured me and now I am well and hearty." It's also positively guaranteed for Liver trouble, Dyspepsia, Blood Disorders, Female Complaints and Malaria. Try them. 50c at all druggists.

You Must Read This if you Want the Benefit.

J. W. Grier, Greenwood, La., suffered with a severe case of Lumbago. "The pains were so intense I was forced to hypodermic injections for relief. These attacks started with a pain in the small of my back which gradually became fairly parlyzing. My attention was attracted to Foley's Kidney Remedy, and I am glad to say that after using this wonderful medicine I am no longer bothered in any way by my old enemy lumbago." For sale by the Emporium Drug Co.

WANTED:—Everyone in Emporium and vicinity to read the opening chapters of the new serial by Robert W. Chambers in the November number of Cosmopolitan Magazine. It is the greatest novel of the year and is illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson. n 4t.

Get the Genuine Always.

A substitute is a dangerons makeshift especially in medicine. The genuine Foley's Honey and Tar cures coughs and cold quickly and is in a yellow package. Accept no substitutes. For sale by Emporium Drug Co.

Westbbrook Commercial Academy.

Students who wish to start in January should apply now. Only a few seats left. Business, shorthand typewriting and English courses. 29th school year.

WESTBROOK ACADEMY,
41 2t. Olean, N. Y.

The peculiar properties of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy have been thoroughly tested during the epidemics of influenza, and when it was taken in time we have not heard of a single case of pneumonia. Sold by all dealers.

Many persons find themselves affected with a persistent cough after an attack of influenza. As this cough can be promptly cured by the use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, it should not be allowed to run on until it becomes troublesome. Sold by all dealers.

Foley Kidney Pills are tonic in action quick in results, and restore the natural action of the kidneys and bladder. They correct irregularities. For sale by Emporium Drug Co.

Good Piano for Sale.

A Bradbury Piano (square) in good condition.
Apply at PRESS office. 37-tf.

Warn ng

All persons are hereby forbidden from trespassing upon the property of this Company without a permit from this office, or the Manager at the works.
KEYSTONE POWDER MFG. CO.
Emporium, Pa., August 1st 1903

Latest Popular Music.

Miss May Gould, teacher of piano fort has received a full line of the latest and most popular sheet music. All the popular airs. Popular and classical music. Prices reasonable.
44-tf.

WANTED

AT ONCE. Local andtraveling salesmen in this state to represent us. There is money in the work for YOU soliciting for our easy selling specialies. Apply now for territory.
ALLEN NURSERY CO., Rochester, N. Y
34-4m.

Rose Day

Wednesday,
December 14th

will be our opening day for holiday candies and other choice articles.

Every purchaser on that day will be presented with a beautiful ROSE.

Make us a call and see our fine display of Xmas Candies, Fruits and Nuts.

Seger & Co.

PHONE 21.

INGS DYSPEPSIA TABLETS
Relieve Indigestion and Stomach Troubles.

Worse than an alarm of fire at night is the metallic cough of croup, bringing dread to the household. Careful mothers keep Foley's Honey and Tar in the house and give it at the first sign of danger. It contains no opiates. Sold by Emporium Drug Co.

Banks On Sure Thing Now.

"I'll never be without Dr. King's New Life Pills again," writes A. Shingeck, 647 Elm St., Buffalo, N. Y. "They cured me of chronic constipation when all others failed." Unequaled for Biliousnesss, Jaundice, Indigestion, Headache, Chills, Malaria and Debility. 25c at all druggists.

The greatest danger from influenza is of its resulting in pneumonia. This can be obviated by using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, as it not only cures influenza, but counteracts any tendency of the disease towards pneumonia. Sold by all dealers.

TAKE CARE!

Remember that when your kidneys are affected, your life is in danger. M. Mayer, Rochester, N. Y., says: "My trouble started with a sharp shooting pain over my back which grew worse daily. I felt sluggish and tired, my kidney action was irregular and infrequent. I started useing Foley Kidney Pills. Each dose seemed to put new life and strength into me, and now I am completely cured and feel better and stronger than for years." For sale by Emporium Drug Co.

Ends Winter's Troubles.

To many, winter is a season of trouble. The frost bitten toes and fingers, chapped hands and lips, chilblains, cold sores, red and rough skins, prove this. But such troubles fly before Bucklen's Anica Salve. A trial convinces. Greatest healer of Burns, Boils, Piles, Cuts, Sores, Eczema and Sprains. Only 25c at all druggists.

A sprained ankle will usually disable the injured person for three or four weeks. This is due to lack of proper treatment. When Chamberlain's Liniment is applied a cure may be effected in three or four days. This liniment is one of the best and most remarkable preparations in use. Sold by all dealers.

If you are suffering from biliousness, constipation, indigestion, chronic headache, invest one cent in a postal card, send to Chamberlain Medicine Co., Des Moines, Iowa, with your name and address plainly on the back, and they will forward you a free sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Sold by all dealers.

Square Deal Mills

EMPORIUM, PA.

E. J. Rogers, Prop'r

OUR MOTTO:—
Honest Weight and Honest Goods.

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Call, phone or write. Out of town orders filled same day received.

A share of the trade respectfully solicited.

KEELEY CURE

The cure that has been continuously successful for more than 31 years is worth investigating. For the drug or drink habit. Write for particulars. The Only Keeley Institute in Western Penna. 4246 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

DR. PARK a Famous German Physician

A FREE TRIAL PACKAGE Dr. Park's Herb Tea will be sent to anyone who will write Park's Royal Med. Co., Le Roy, N.Y. This old established preparation has achieved a large sale on account of its great merit in all cases of Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Nervousness, Kidney and Liver Trouble. Only 25 Cents.

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A Simple Safeguard for Mothers.

Mrs. Gilkenson, 326 Ingles Ave,, Youngstown, Ohio, gained wisdom by experience. "My little girl had a severe cold and coughed almost continuously. My sister recommended Foley's Honey and Tar. The first dose I gave her relieved the inflammation in her throat and after using only one bottle her throat and lungs were entirely free from inflammation. Since then I always keep a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar in the house." Accept no substitute. For sale by Emporium Drug Co.

Cedar Shingles $4.50 per thousand at C.B. Howard & Co's.

Saved From Awful Death.

How an appalling death in his family prevented is told by A. D. McDonald, of Fayetteville, N. C. R. F. D. No. 8. "My sister had consumption," he writes, "she was very thin and pale, had no appetite and seemed to grow weaker every day, as all remedies failed, till Dr. King's New Discovery was tried, and so completely cured her, that she has not been troubled with a cough since. It's the best medicine I ever saw or heard of." For coughs, colds, lagrippe, asthma, croup, hemorrhages—all bronchial troubles, it has no equal, 50c, $1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by all druggists.

NO SMOKE, NO ODOR

The quality of Lamp Oil you use counts immensely for or against your comfort and health. There's a *perfect* oil made for people who give *thought*. It is

Family Favorite Oil

triple-refined from Pennsylvania Crude Oil—the best ever made. Full, white flame—never flickers—no soot—no odor. Costs no more than inferior tank-wagon oils—saves money as well as eyes and comfort. Your dealer has it in origiual barrels direct from the refineries.
Waverly Oil Works Co.—Independent Refiners—Pittsburg, Pa.
Also makers of Special Waverly Auto Oil and Waverly Gasolines.

Autumn Announcement

A Fine Line of Coats, Suits, Skirts and Shirtwaists, just received

NEW FURS

A large consignment of new furs that are now open for inspection.

A special discount of 10 per cent on regular price will be made to those purchasing within the next week. A small cash deposit will secure the furs. Call early.

H. A. Zarps & Co

Why Not?

Since the tendency of the Holiday Gift has turned toward the useful as well as the ornamental, why not first consider our great display of

Practical Gifts for Ladies

Furs	*Gloves*	*Handkerchiefs*
$1.00 to $25.00	25c to $3.75	5c to $1.50

Kimonas	*Bathrobes*
75c to $2.50	$2.75 to $5.50

Suits and Coats

$8.50 to $29.00

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Fourth Street, EMPORIUM, PA.

Royal
BAKING POWDER
MAKES THE PERFECT
HOT BISCUIT
Also Rolls and Muffins
Crusts and Cakes

Send for Royal Cook Book

135 William St. New York

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Contributions invited. That which you would like to see in this department, let us know by postal card, letter or personally.

Mrs. H. W. Smith, of The Warner, is spending a few days in Philadelphia.

M. E. Confer was a business caller at St. Marys, on Wednesday, between trains.

Miss Ethel Runyan, of Sinnamanoning, was guest of Miss Jessie Anderson, the last of the week.

J. Raymond Cook, of Ridgway, spent Sunday in town guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cook.

Miss Ethel Fisher, of Howard Siding, was a social and business caller at this place on Monday afternoon.

John T. Hertig made the PRESS office a business call on Saturday morning and renew his subscription.

F. J. Lewis, the prosperous Rich Valley merchant, made the PRESS office a buiness call last Monday morning.

Robert Weiman called on friends at St. Marys between trains last Sunday. Must be some attraction in Dutchtown for "Bob."

Rev. Father McAvenue, of Driftwood, spent a short time in town on Wednesday, guest of Rev. Father T. B. Downey.

J. K. Jordan spent a few hours at Renovo on Wednesday, transacting business, returning home on the afternoon train.

Messrs. C. E. Crandell and W. G. Briner attended a meeting and banquet of the I. O. O. F., at Driftwood, last Thursday evening.

Fred J. Keim, Jr., manager of the Emporium Drug Company's store, at this place, was guest of his parents, at St. Marys, last Sunday.

Mrs. Alma Kunes, who has been visiting her brother, Wm. Swartz and family, Maple street, returned to her home in Beech Creek yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Asa Murray and children spent Tuesday at Sterling Run, Pa., guests at the home of Mrs. M's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Devling.

Miss Lena Bair, who spent the past ten days in town, guest at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Bair, returned to Olean, last Sunday.

Miss Grace Sheldon, of Port Allegany, arrived in town on Tuesday and is spending a few days here guest of Miss Margaret Maloy.

Mrs. Emma L. Gould, of Olean, N. Y. Y., who has been guest at the Gould-Mullin residence for several days, returned home on Monday.

Mrs. W. K. Wright, who was guest of her sister, Mrs. T. F. Moore, for a short time last week, returned to her home at Renovo, Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. R. H. Bent and daughter, returned to their home at this place on Monday afternoon, after spending a short time with relatives at Scranton, Pa.

Mrs. Fred D. Logan departed for Fostoria, Ohio, last Sunday morning, where she will spend a short time, guest at the home of her parents and other relatives.

The Misses Mabel, Flora and Clara Ewards, all of whom are teaching in Shippen Township, made the PRESS office a social and business call last Saturday afternoon. The Misses Edwards are very pleasant young ladies.

Prof. R. H. Edgar went to Driftwood last Sunday morning, where he assisted the choir in St James Roman Catholic Church. Mr. Edgar sang a solo during the Offertory.

Hon. B. W. Green, Hon. Josiah Howard, Mr. H. A. Cox and a humber of other gentlemen are transacting business in New York city this week.

Daniel Caufflel, of Wilmington, Del., assistant treasurer of E. I. du Pont de Nemours Powder Company, transacted business in Emporium on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Henry and daughter, returned to their home at this place, last Monday afternoon, after a pleasant visit with relatives at Driftwood.

Miss Emma Leutze, of this place, Rose Lawson, of Beechwood, and Mr. Leo Finn, of Olean, N. Y., were pleasant PRESS office visitors last Saturday afternoon.

Messrs. C. C. Ritchie, Charles Vogt and Will Munsell, of this place, belonging to the Pennsy's repairmen, were called to Erie and will be employed there for two or three months repairing the docks at that place. The gentlemen departed for Erie last Monday morning.

John Swallow, of Elbon, Pa., was a visitor in Emporium on Tuesday and made the PRESS a social visit, accompanied by his brother-in-law, George Kenworthy, of Ster ling Run. Mr. S., is a son of our old friend and subscriber, Mr. Joseph Swallow, a former resident of this county.

Surveyor A. H. Shaffer, of Ridgway, stopped in town between trains on Tuesday. Having been in the woods surveying for a long time, without hair cut or shave he did not dare ventuae any further than Emporium without calling on a barber. He called to see us after the operation had been successfully performed and he certainly looked good to us.

Misses Jean Calmes and Belle Cleary spent Tuesday guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Webster, Canoe Run. Miss Calmes has just completed her third season as milliner for Mrs. E. S. Coppersmith and will leave for her home at Fostoria, Ohio, on Friday morning. Miss Calmes has many friends in Emporium who sincerely hope that she may return again for another season.

Property for Sale.

A property on West Fourth street for sale. Inquire of
38-tf. GEO. BARKER.

Argument Court.

Argument Court was held here Monday afternoon, President Judge Harry Alvan Hall and Associate Judge John A. Wykoff presiding. Considerable business was transacted.

Furs—Flannels.

Blankets from 75c up. California Wool Blankets $12.00 per pair.
M. C. TULIS.

Acknowledgement.

REV J F. ANDERSON,
First Methodist Church,
Emporium, Pa.,

DEAR SIR:—

On behalf of the Board of Managers as well as myself, I wish to acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of your check of Ten Dollars and twenty-five cents ($10 25), a Thanksgiving Donation to the Williamsport Hospital, from the Union Service held in the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Emporium, Pa.

Very sincerely yours,
MISS D. B. MANN, Supt.

Buy Your Happiness.

You can't be happy if you don't feel like it. But, if you don't feel like it, you can buy Sexine Pills and thus restore your shattered nerves. Sexine Pills are guaranteed for nervous men and women $1 a box; six boxes for $5, with full guarantee. Address or call at Dodson's Drug Store, where they sell all the principal remedies and do not substitute.

Sales Manager for Cameron county. Must be capable of organizing a sales force to secure subscriptions for our magazine. References required. Special Agency, National Sportsman, 75, Federal Street, Boston, Mass. 3t.

The Churches.

FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL.
REV. J. F. ANDERSON, Pastor.

Next Sunday Quarterly Communion, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be celebrated at both morning and evening service. Sermon at 7:30 in the evening on "The Faith once for All delivered Unto the Saints." The pastor preached from this text on Sunday morning, Nov. 27th, and by reques, he has consulted to reproach the sermon at time above mentioned. General Class in charge ef pastor at 9:45 a. m.; Sunday School and Epworth League at usuel time. An encouraging attendance is noted at all these services. All are welcome.

EMMANUEL CHURCH.
REV. M. L. TATE, Rector.

The following services will be held at Emmanuel Church next Sunday:

There will be an Early Celebration of the Holy Communion at 8 o'clock.

Morning Prayer and sermon at 10:30, theme of morning sermon, "The Watchmen on the Walls, or the Testimony of the Ministry to the Second Advent"

Sunday School at 12 m.

Evening Prayer and Sermon at 7:30 p. m., the sermon will be for young men, subject, "Protesting on Possibilities." Evening Prayer Leaflets will be used so that even strangers can follow the service.

Friday evening immediately after the public schools close all scholars having parts for Christmas will please come to the Parish House for practice.

There will be a short Advent Service Friday evening in the church at 7:30 o'clock All the members of both choirs are urged to attend this service.

FIRST BAPTIST.
REV. J. L. BOGUE, Pastor.

10:30 a. m.—Morning worship.
11:45 a. m.—Bible School.
6:30 p. m.—Y. P. Praise Service.
7:30 p. m.—Popular Sermon, "Honest and Dishonest Men."

Does our conception of Honesty vary according to our circumstances. Must all people conform to the standard of honesty, or does the difference in temperament and environment make such a difference in an outlook upon life that what is dishonest for some people is not so for those differently situated? Do High Prices and Small Wages, cause ordinarily honest men, (according to the average conception of honesty) to do things which make them appear in the light of dishonesty. The evening sermon will be a popular discussion of this intensely interesting question. We want your attention. We believe that many a man is called a Dead-Beat, when if the circumstances were understood we will simply term it Hard Luck.

Furs—Flanneis.

Blankets from 75c up. California Wool Blankets $12.00 per pair.
M. C. TULIS.

ELECTION NOTICE

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
Emporium, Pa., Dec. 8, 1910.

THE annual meeting of the stock-holders for the election of a Board of Directors and the transaction of such other business as may be laid before them, will be held at the Bank on Tuesday, January 10, 1911, between the hours of one and three in the afternoon.
43-4t T. B. LLOYD, Cashier.

EMPORIUM
MILLING COMPANY.

You Need What You Want

most of the time, if you're full grown and have even "livery stable sense," and you get what you want when you deal here—prime grain and feed of all kinds for horses, cattle, pigs and poultry. Your animals will know better than you the quality of our feed—though you can tell it from their resultant good condition.

PRICE LIST.
Emporium, Pa., Nov. 30, 1910.

NEMOPHILA, per sack	$1 40
Feit's Fancy, "	1 55
Pet Grove, "	1 60
Roller Meal "	80
Rye "	70
Graham "	70
New Buckwheat Flour, 24 lb. sack,	75
New Buckwheat Flour, 10 lb. sack,	35
Coarse Meal per 100,	1 25
Chop Feed, "	1 25
Cracked Corn per 100	1 25
White Middlings,	1 60
Bran,	1 35
Chicken Wheat "	1 80
Screenings "	1 25
Oil Meal "	1 95
Corn per bushel,	70
White Oats, per bushel,	45
Oyster Shells, per 100	75
Sterling Chick Feed	2 00
Sterling Scratch Feed	1 80
Dairy Dairy Feed,	1 40
Calf Meal, 50 lbs,	1 50
Cotton Seed Meal,	1 80
Mammoth Clover Seed, per bu,	10 50
Medium lover Seed, "	10 50
Alsyke Clover Seed, "	10 50
Timothy Seed, "	5 00
German Millet Seed, "	2 25

DAY'S, The Satisfactory Store 1889 1910

Some one Has said—"practice is the best of all instructors. Also, "it takes a long time to bring excellence to maturity." TWENTY-ONE HOLIDAY SEASONS of "practice" in catering to the needs and filling the wants of the people of Emporium and vicinity ought to have counted much toward bringing "Excellency to Maturity." here We believe it has. We believe no other store can serve you as well. We thank you for the patronage that has made our existence possible. We want to serve you again.

We Are Making Great Preparations for you. All the Good Things Needful will be here. If there is any particular thing that you want which we are not likely to have in stock let us know, we will take pleasure in providing it for you if possible. OUR SERVICE IS AT YOUR COMMAND.

Economy Prices for Friday and Saturday

Sugar 25 lb bag best Granulated Sugar, $1.45	Lard Pure Hog Lard in bulk, pound 17c	Hams California Hams, Trimmed Shoulder, pound 14c
Macaroni 15c Imported Macaroni, any style, pound 12c	Buckwheat 35c bag Pure Buckwheat Flour 30c	Cakes Fresh Fig Cakes—Ontario Biscuit Co., pound 12 1-2c
Tea Regular 25c quality Gunpowder Tea, pound 22c	Soap Proctor and Gamble's Lenox Soap, seven cakes 25c	Dates Fresh New Hallowee Dates, three pounds 25c
Beans Burnhan & Morrill's 20c Pork and Beans, the can 18c	Cocoa Walter Baker & Co's ½ pound tins, 23c	Fish Three 10c Jars Star Brand Boneless Herring, 25c

Baltimore Shucked Oysters

Fresh Caught Lake Fish
Leave Orders for Delivery Friday Morning

Housewares, China, Crockery, Glass, Wood and Willow Ware

Here Are many gift suggestions in articles that are inexpensive but practical and useful. Come and let us show you. You will be surprised at what ten to twenty-five cents will purchase.

Delivery to All Parts of Town
You Get Better Values Here

J. H. DAY,

Phone 6. Emporium, Pa.

THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS
COPYRIGHT 1908 BY BOBBS-MERRILL CO.

SYNOPSIS.

Miss Innes, spinster and guardian of Gertrude and Halsey, established summer headquarters at Sunnyside. Arnold Armstrong was found shot to death in the hall. Gertrude and her fiance, Jack Bailey, had conversed in the billiard room shortly before the murder. Detective Jamieson accused Miss Innes of holding back evidence. Cashier Bailey of Paul Armstrong's bank, defunct, was arrested for embezzlement. Paul Armstrong's death was announced. Halsey's fiancee, Louise Armstrong, told Halsey that while she still loved him, she was to marry another. It developed that Dr. Walker was the man. Louise was found unconscious at the bottom of the circular staircase. She said something had brushed by her in the dark on the stairway and she fainted. Bailey is suspected of Armstrong's murder. Thomas, the lodgekeeper, was found dead with a note in his pocket bearing the name "Lucien Wallace." A ladder found out of place deepens the mystery. The stables were burned, and in the dark Miss Innes shot an intruder. Halsey mysteriously disappeared. His auto was found wrecked by a freight train. It developed Halsey had an argument in the library with a woman before his disappearance. New cook disappears. Miss Innes learned Halsey was alive. Dr. Walker's face becomes livid at mention of the name of Nina Carrington. Evidence was secured from a tramp that a man, supposedly Halsey, had been bound and gagged and thrown into an empty box car.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—Continued.

Mr. Winters and Alex disposed of the tramp with a warning. It was evident he had told us all he knew. We had occasion, within a day or two, to be doubly thankful that we had given him his freedom. When Mr. Jamieson telephoned that night we had news for him; he told me what I had not realized before—that it would not be possible to find Halsey at once, even with this clew. The cars by this time, three days, might be scattered over the union. But he said to keep on hoping, that it was the best news we had had. And in the meantime, consumed with anxiety as we were, things were happening at the house in rapid succession.

We had one peaceful day—then Liddy took sick in the night. I went in when I heard her groaning, and found her with a hot-water bottle to her face, and her right cheek swollen until it was glassy.

"Toothache?" I asked, not too gently. "You deserve it. A woman of your age, who would rather go around with an exposed nerve in her head than have the tooth pulled! It would be over in a moment."

"So would hanging," Liddy protested, from behind the hot-water bottle.

I was hunting around for cotton and laudanum.

"You have a tooth just like it yourself, Miss Rachel," she whimpered. "And I'm sure Dr. Boyle's been trying to take it out for years."

There was no laudanum, and Liddy made a terrible fuss when I proposed carbolic acid, just because I had put too much on the cotton once and burned her mouth. I'm sure it never did her any permanent harm; indeed, the doctor said afterward that living on liquid diet had been a splendid rest for her stomach. But she would have none of the acid, and she kept me awake groaning, so at last I got up and went to Gertrude's door. To my surprise it was locked.

I went around by the hall and into her bedroom that way. The bed was turned down, and her dressing-gown and night-dress lay ready in the little room next, but Gertrude was not there. She had not undressed.

I don't know what terrible thoughts came to me in the minute I stood there. Through the door I could hear Liddy grumbling, with a squeal now and then when the pain stabbed harder. Then, automatically, I got the laudanum and went back to her.

It was fully a half-hour before Liddy's groans subsided. At intervals I went to the door into the hall and looked out, but I saw and heard nothing suspicious. Finally, when Liddy had dropped into a doze, I even ventured as far as the head of the circular staircase, but there floated up to me only the even breathing of Winters, the night detective, sleeping just inside the entry. And then, far off, I heard the rapping noise that had lured Louise down the staircase that other night, two weeks before. It was over my head, and very faint—three or four short muffled taps, a pause, and then again, stealthily repeated.

The sound of Mr. Winters' breathing was comforting; with the thought that there was help within call, something kept me from waking him. I did not move for a moment; ridiculous things Liddy had said about a ghost—I am not at all superstitious, except, perhaps, in the middle of the night, with everything dark—things like that came back to me. Almost beside me was the clothes chute. I could feel it, but I could see nothing. As I stood, listening intently, I heard a sound near me. It was vague, indefinite. Then it ceased; there was an uneasy movement and a grunt from the foot of the circular staircase, and silence again. I stood perfectly still, hardly daring to breathe.

Then I knew I had been right. Some one was stealthily passing the head of the staircase and coming toward me in the dark. I leaned against the wall for support—my knees were giving way. The steps were close now, and suddenly I thought of Gertrude. Of course it was Gertrude. I put out one hand in front of me, but I touched nothing. My voice almost refused me, but I managed to gasp out, "Gertrude!"

When I Came To It Was Dawn.

"Good Lord!" a man's voice exclaimed, just beside me. And then I collapsed. I felt myself going, felt some one catch me, a horrible nausea—that was all I remembered.

When I came to it was dawn. I was lying on the bed in Louise's room, with the cherub on the ceiling staring down at me, and there was a blanket from my own bed thrown over me. I felt weak and dizzy, but I managed to get up and totter to the door. At the foot of the circular staircase Mr. Winters was still asleep. Hardly able to stand, I crept back to my room. The door into Gertrude's room was no longer locked; she was sleeping like a tired child. And in my dressing room Liddy hugged a cold hot-water bottle and mumbled in her sleep.

"There's some things you can't hold with hand-cuffs," she was muttering thickly.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A Scrap of Paper.

For the first time in 20 years I kept my bed that day. Liddy was alarmed to the point of hysteria, and sent for Dr. Stewart just after breakfast. Gertrude spent the morning with me, reading something—I forget what. I was too busy with my thought to listen. I had said nothing to the two detectives. If Mr. Jamieson had been there I should have told him everything, but I could not go to these strange men and tell them my niece had been missing in the middle of the night; that she had not gone to bed at all; that while I was searching for her through the house I had met a stranger who, when I fainted, had carried me into a room and left me there, to get better or not, as it might happen.

And there was something else: The man I had met in the darkness had been even more startled than I, and about his voice, when he muttered his muffled exclamation, there was something vaguely familiar. All that morning, while Gertrude read aloud, and Liddy watched for the doctor, I was puzzling over that voice, without result.

Dr. Walker came up, some time just after luncheon, and asked for me.

"Go down and see him," I instructed Gertrude. "Tell him I am out—for mercy's sake don't say I'm sick. Find out what he wants, and from this time on, instruct the servants that he is not to be admitted. I loathe that man."

Gertrude came back very soon, her face rather flushed.

"He came to ask us to get out," she said, picking up her book with a jerk. "He says Louise Armstrong wants to come here, now that she is recovering"

"And what did you say?'

"I said we were very sorry we could not leave, but we would be delighted to have Louise come up here with us. He looked daggers at me. And he wanted to know if we would recommend Eliza as a cook. He has brought a patient, a man, out from town, and is increasing his establishment—that's the way he put it."

"I wish him joy of Eliza," I said tartly. "Did he ask for Halsey?"

"Yes. I told him that we were on the track last night, and that it was only a question of time. He said he was glad, although he didn't appear to be, but he said not to be too sanguine."

"Do you know what I believe?" I asked. "I believe, as firmly as I believe anything, that Dr. Walker knows something about Halsey, and that he could put his finger on him, if he wanted to."

There were several things that day that bewildered me. About three o'clock Mr. Jamieson telephoned from the Casanova station and Warner went down to meet him. I got up and dressed hastily, and the detective was shown up to my sitting room.

"No news?" I asked, as he entered. He tried to look encouraging, without success.

"It won't be long now, Miss Innes," he said. "I have come out here on a peculiar errand, which I will tell you about later. First, I want to ask some questions. Did any one come out here yesterday to repair the telephone, and examine the wires on the roof?"

"Yes," I said promptly; "but it was not the telephone. He said the wiring might have caused the fire at the stable. I went up with him myself, but he only looked around."

Mr. Jamieson smiled.

"Good for you!" he applauded. "Don't allow any one in the house that you don't trust, and don't trust anybody. All are not electricians who wear rubber gloves."

He refused to explain further, but he got a slip of paper out of his pocket-book and opened it carefully.

"Listen," he said. "You heard this before and scoffed. In the light of recent developments I want you to read it again. You are a clever woman, Miss Innes. Just as surely as I sit here, there is something in this house that is wanted very anxiously by a number of people. The lines are closing up, Miss Innes."

The paper was the one he had found among Arnold Armstrong's effects, and I recall it again:

——by altering the plans for—— rooms, may be possible. The best way, in my opinion, would be to——the plan for——in one of the——rooms——chimney.

"I think I understand," I said slowly. "Some one is searching for the secret room, and the invaders—"

"And the holes in the plaster—"

"Have been in the progress of his—"

"Or her—investigations."

"Her?" I asked.

"Miss Innes," the detective said, getting up, "I believe that somewhere in the walls of this house is hidden some of the money, at least, from the Traders' bank. I believe, just as surely, that young Walker brought home from California the knowledge of something of the sort, and, failing in his effort to reinstall Mrs. Armstrong and her daughter here, he, or a confederate, has tried to break into the house. On two occasions I think he succeeded."

"On three, at least," I corrected. And then I told him about the night before. "I have been thinking hard," I concluded, "and I do not believe the man at the head of the circular staircase was Dr. Walker. I don't think he could have got in, and the voice was not his."

Mr. Jamieson got up and paced the floor, his hands behind him.

"There is something else that puzzles me," he said, stepping before me. "Who and what is the woman Nina Carrington? If it was she who came here as Mattie Bliss, what did she tell Halsey that sent him racing to Dr. Walker's, and then to Miss Armstrong? If we could find that woman we would have the whole thing."

"Mr. Jamieson, did you ever think that Paul Armstrong might not have died a natural death?"

"That is the thing we are going to try to find out," he replied. And then Gertrude came in, announcing a man below to see Mr. Jamieson.

"I want you present at this interview, Miss Innes," he said. May Riggs come up? He has left Dr. Walker and he has something he wants to tell us."

Riggs came into the room diffidently, but Mr. Jamieson put him at his ease. He kept a careful eye on me, however, and slid into a chair by the door when he was asked to sit down.

"Now, Riggs," began Mr. Jamieson kindly. "You are to say what you have to say before this lady."

"You promised you'd keep it quiet, Mr. Jamieson." Riggs plainly did not trust me. There was nothing friendly in the glance he turned on me.

"Yes, yes. You will be protected. But, first of all, did you bring what you promised?"

Riggs produced a roll of papers from under his coat, and handed them over. Mr. Jamieson examined them with lively satisfaction, and passed them to me. "The blue-prints of Sunnyside," he said. "What did I tell you? Now, Riggs, we are ready."

"I'd never have come to you, Mr. Jamieson," he began, "if it hadn't been for Miss Armstrong. When Mr. Innes was spirited away, like, and Miss Louise got sick because of it, I thought things had gone far enough. I'd done some things for the doctor before that wouldn't just bear looking into, but I turned a bit squeamish."

"Did you help with that?" I asked, leaning forward.

"No, ma'm. I didn't even know of it until the next day, when it came out in the Casanova Weekly Ledger. But I know who did it, all right. I'd better start at the beginning.

"When Dr. Walker went away to California with the Armstrong family, there was talk in the town that when he came back he would be married to Miss Armstrong, and we all expected it. First thing I knew, I got a letter from him in the west. He seemed to be excited, and he said Miss Armstrong had taken a sudden notion to go home and he sent me some money. I was to watch for her, to see if she went to Sunnyside, and wherever she was, not to lose sight of her until he got home. I traced her to the lodge, and I guess I scared you on the drive one night, Miss Innes."

"And Rosie!" I ejaculated.

Riggs grinned sheepishly.

"I only wanted to make sure Miss Louise was there. Rosie started to run, and I tried to stop her and tell her some sort of a story to account for my being there. But she wouldn't wait."

"And the broken china—in the basket?"

"Well, broken china's death to rubber tires," he said. "I hadn't any complaint against you people here, and the Dragon Fly was a good car."

So Rosie's highwayman was explained.

"Well, I telegraphed the doctor where Miss Louise was and I kept an eye on her. Just a day or so before they came home with the body I got another letter, telling me to watch for a woman who had been pitted with smallpox. Her name was Carrington, and the doctor made things pretty strong. If I found any such woman loafing around, I was not to lose sight of her for a minute until the doctor got back.

"Well, I would have had my hands full, but the other woman didn't show up for a good while, and when she did the doctor was home."

"Riggs," I asked suddenly, "did you get into this house a day or two after I took it, at night?"

"I did not, Miss Innes. I have never been in the house before. Well, the Carrington woman didn't show up until the night Mr. Halsey disappeared. She came to the office late, and the doctor was out. She waited around, walking the floor and working herself into a passion. When the doctor didn't come back, she was in an awful way. She wanted me to hunt him, and when he didn't appear, she called him names; said he couldn't fool her. There was murder being done, and she would see him swing for it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dresden China.

Judging by your recent note, writes a correspondent, it seems that the geographical knowledge possessed by girl typists is about on a level with that possessed by the damsels who represent the postmaster general behind the counters of our suburban post offices. Having occasion recently to telegraph funds to a town in Germany, it became necessary for the clerk to consult the post office guide. After a long and fruitless search I ventured to suggest that she was not likely to find the town I wanted in the section devoted to the celestial empire, where she was looking. "Not under China" she retorted supercilliously. "You said Dresden, didn't you?"

The Consoling Volume.

There was a backward student at Balliol who, for failure to pass an examination in Greek, was "sent down." His mother went to see the master, Dr. Jowett, and explained to him what an excellent lad her son was. "It is a hard experience for him, this disgrace," said the old lady; "but he will have the consolation of religion, and there is always one book to which he can turn." Jowett eyed her for a moment and then answered: "Yes, madam; the Greek grammar. Good morning."

CHEERFUL WORDS FOR SUFFERING WOMEN.

No woman can be healthy with sick kidneys. They are often the true cause of bearing-down pains, headaches, dizziness, nervousness etc. Keep the kidneys well and health is easily maintained. Doan's Kidney Pills make strong, healthy kidneys.

Mrs. John A. Link, 122 East Perry St., Bucyrus, O., says: "I was so terribly afflicted with kidney complaint, I could not stir out of bed. I was attended by several doctors but they all failed to help me. Doan's Kidney Pills gave me relief after I had given up all hope and soon cured me. I have had no kidney trouble in three years."

Remember the name—Doan's.

For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Had Been Done. Got Out of the Habit.

"I see you have got a young man stenographer?"

"Yes."

"Don't you think a pretty girl stenographer adds a great deal to the attractiveness of an office?"

"I suppose she does, but I can't dictate to a woman somehow. I s'pose it's because I have been married so long."

ARE YOU THE MAN?

We want an honest, ambitious worker in your vicinity as District Agent for Health-Accident proposition, monthly premium plan. Most popular offering on market. Our officers are experience, practical insurance men. Liberal agency contracts, fair treatment and prompt claim settlements. Write for sample policy, stating experience and territory desired. Address Federal Casualty Company, Detroit, Mich.

Youthful Wisdom.

Father—Why did my little boy send his papa a letter with only a capital T written on the page while he was away?

Little Son—Because I thought you'd go around among your friends with it and say: "My boy is only four years old, and just see the capital letter he writes!"—Judge.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Curing Conceit.

"He used to have a good opinion of himself."

"Hasn't he now?"

"No; he ran for office recently, and wasn't even close when the votes were counted."—Detroit Free Press.

DISTEMPER

In all its forms among all ages of horses, as well as dogs, cured and others in same stable prevented from having the disease with SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE. Every bottle guaranteed. Over 600,000 bottles sold last year $.50 and $1.00. Any good druggist, or send to manufacturers. Agents wanted. Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

Not a Harmless Sport.

Friend—You fought bareheaded?

French Duelist—Yes, and got a fine sunstroke.—Journal Amusant.

Pettit's Eye Salve for 25c.

Relieves tired, congested, inflamed and sore eyes, quickly stops eye aches. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Somehow the average mother doesn't think she is doing her duty unless she spoils her children.

AN EFFECTIVE HOME MADE KIDNEY AND BACKACHE CURE

Easily Prepared Medicine Which Is Said to Regulate the Kidneys and End Backache.

To make up enough of the "Dandelion Mixture" which is claimed to be a prompt cure for Backache and Kidney and Bladder trouble, get from any good Prescription Pharmacist one-half ounce fluid extract Dandelion; one ounce Kargon Compound and three ounces Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla. Shake well in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and again at bedtime.

Those who have tried it say it acts gently but thoroughly on the Kidneys and entire urinary system, relieving the most severe Backache at once.

A well-known medical authority recommends the prescription to be taken the moment you suspect any Kidney, Bladder or Urinary disorder or feel a constant dull Backache, or if the urine is thick, cloudy, offensive or full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a scalding sensation; or for too frequent urination during the night.

This is a real harmless vegetable mixture which could not cause injury to anyone and the relief which is said to immediately follow its use is a revelation to men and women who suffer from Backache, Kidney trouble or any form of Urinary disorder.

This is surely worth trying, as it is easily mixed at home or any druggist will do it for you, and doesn't cost much.

OWES HER LIFE TO

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Chicago, Ill.—"I was troubled with falling and inflammation, and the doctors said I could not get well unless I had an operation. I knew I could not stand the strain of one, so I wrote to you sometime ago about my health and you told me what to do. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier I am to-day a well woman."—Mrs. William Ahrens, 988 W. 21st St., Chicago, Ill.

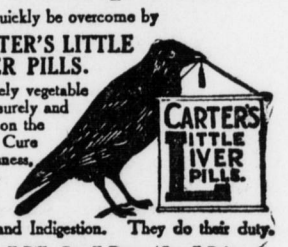
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases of any similar medicine in the country, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every such suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.



Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

Kidding Worse Than Cutting.

Talk about making good with your friends, a New Orleans man told everybody he knew that he was going to Philadelphia for the dual purpose of seeing the world's baseball series and having a slight surgical operation performed. Reaching this city, he consulted a specialist, and was told that an operation was not necessary.

"But, doctor," the New Orleans party urgently interposed, "it must be done."

"Why must it?" wonderingly queried the surgeon.

"Because," was the startling rejoinder of the Southern man, "I told all the boys at home that I was going to have an operation performed, and if I don't make good they will kid the life out of me."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Mixing His Dates.

There is a story of a man who was so transported with joy as he stood up at the altar rail to be married, that his thoughts reverted to a day when he stood up at the prisoner's bar in a court of justice to plead "guilty" or "not guilty" to a criminal charge. So powerfully did that, the most painful event of his life, obtrude itself upon his mind, that when the clergyman put the question, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" and so on, the poor distracted bridegroom answered with startling distinctness, "Not guilty, so help me God!"—From Tuckerman's "Personal Recollections."

"Don't Argufy"

A single dish of

Post Toasties

with sugar and cream tells the whole story—

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd. Battle Creek, Mich.

Timely Millinery

By JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

JUST the most beautiful of all millinery is shown in the exquisite hat of black velvet mounted over a wired cap of gold tissue with two gold roses at the side. Lewis of Paris won the first prize at the fashion exhibition with a big hat mounted over a lace cap. He must have lost it if this exquisite New York model had been a competitor. But the idea was new then and seized upon by the Paris designers as one would seize upon gold coins lying about the streets. In fact, a good new idea is the same thing—it can readily be coined into substantial money.

This charming hat is very large and apparently very simple. But let no one be deceived as to its simplicity. The trimming is a dull metallic wing-like ornament in gold and silver. The shape is perfection, forming a background against which the face, neck and shoulder become a picture.

Another extremely large hat, covered with Duchess lace, is shown in Fig 2. The brim droops without an upwards flare, and is not quite so graceful as in the first hat, but is found more becoming to certain types of faces. The trimming of ostrich is a fancy mounting and combination of rich Persian coloring, is the note of climax in the model, which has been much admired.

Either of these demonstrate how wide a brim may be, and still leave no doubt as to its beauty.

IN CLOUD GRAY CASHMERE

Simple Girlish Dress That Will Set Off the Charms of the Young Lady.

A simple girlish dress this, in cloud gray cashmere; the skirt measures not more than two and one-half yards round, and is trimmed with two stitched straps with rounded ends in which buttons with cord loops are sewn.

The bodice and sleeves are cut together, the fronts crossed at waist, and forming a "V" shaped opening

over a white lawn chemisette with turn-over collar and jabot of embroidery; the sleeves are finished with tiny turned-up cuffs.

Hat of straw to match dress, lined with darker crepe-de-Chine, and trimmed with wide ribbons.

Materials required for the dress: Six yards 46 inches wide.

Sewing Lace.

Always sew lace with fine thread and never with silk, for the silk stitches are very noticeable. This is true, no matter how coarse the lace, silk will not sink into a fabric as thread will. This is a sewing hint given me recently by a prominent dressmaker, who expressed herself as "tired to death" of seeing quite plainly where her friends had sewed their lace chemisettes and hatbrim trimmings.

CALLS FOR COMMON SENSE

Some Simple Rules for Girl Who Finds It Necessary to Diet—Beware of Excess.

Here are a few rules that the girl who is determined to diet does well to observe. There is too much trifling with our digestion these days, and not the least harm is done by the notion for undereating.

Never diet on the advice of a friend. Her plan may have done wonders for her and will put you to bed or make you a sorry-looking wreck.

Don't diet to excess at any time. Girls, make sure your doctor knows dietetics. Many physicians, good in other things, have little knowledge of the effect of food upon the system.

If you must diet from a cause, as from diabetes or kidney trouble, do it religiously; almost better not begin than to do it spasmodically, letting up whenever food tempts you.

If you only diet for the sake of figure or complexion, count the cost before starting. Cutting out the foods of ordinary family meals is hard. Ask yourself: "Which means most to me, the loss of a few pounds or being a nuisance at mealtime?"

Don't keep on dieting if you feel that it disagrees with you. This holds good even when your food list is carefully censored by a physician. The best of them will make mistakes. Find out in time what is wrong.

Don't diet to excess at any time. Women often go to the point of weakening the entire system by injudiciously following a doctor's advice.

Common sense and moderation are good things to hold to in the matter of food.

Veils of the Season.

Stylish and becoming are veils of white ring dot net with the rings in black and a fine black lace border to match.

The winter's veils show large, octagonal meshes, sometimes plain, again with big woven dots.

Care should be exercised in wearing the veils or the nose sticking through the meshes gives a grotesque appearance.

The most becoming veil is a fine mixture of black and white, tiny black dots on white net being better than white on black. These have become known as the beauty veil because so many women wear them, regardless of style.

The Belt Buckle.

With the return of the belt to favor again, belt buckles in infinite variety have appeared. The simple enamel buckles in empire green, ruby, and dark blue are well liked for every day wear. With dressy gowns oblong or oval gilt designs in Louis XIV effects, scintillating with brilliants, add a smart touch to the toilet.

Newest Letter Paper.

Some of the prettiest note paper has a very narrow border of blue, pink, gray, lavender or red and one initial at the top set in a ring of color the exact shade as the border. Correspondence cards also are thus bordered and are very pretty.

The KITCHEN CABINET

WE BELIEVE—That as many lives are cut short by unhealthful food and diet as through strong drink.

Chowders.

These are wholesome dishes that may be served in any season and are always well liked. They may be made from fish or vegetables, and may be served as a dinner, luncheon or supper dish.

When nothing else is forthcoming, a very tasty chowder may be made of fried salt pork, potatoes, onions and milk.

Corn Chowder.—Cut a one and a half inch cube of salt pork into very small pieces and fry until brown. Add one sliced onion and cook it five minutes in the fat, stirring often that it may not burn. Parboil six potatoes, cut in slices, drain and add to the fat with two cups of boiling water. Cook until the potatoes are soft, then add a can of corn and a quart of scalded milk. Season with salt and pepper, add six milk crackers, three tablespoonfuls of butter, if the pork has not made it rich enough in fat. Serve hot.

To prepare clam chowder, add the clams to the above recipe after cooking them in butter. Add the clam water just at the last, as it has a tendency to separate the milk.

Salt codfish makes a fine chowder. It may be cooked in water until soft, and then add to the chowder just before serving.

German Chowder.—Chop one and a half cups of haddock or any fresh fish, add eight common crackers, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, onion juice, salt, pepper and a beaten egg. Shape into balls. Prepare the chowder, adding two slices of carrot, a bit of bay leaf, a sprig of parsley to the above chowder recipe, cook all together, balls, potatoes and seasonings. Serve with crackers, split and soaked in the hot milk.

Lobster Chowder.—Remove the meat from a two-pound lobster shell and cut in dice. Cream two tablespoonfuls of butter, and the liver of the lobster, and two milk crackers pounded fine. Scald a quart of milk with a slice of onion, remove the onion, add milk to mixture. Cook the bones ten minutes in cold water to cover; strain, and add with the lobster to the mixture. Season with salt and paprika and serve.

Chowders are nutritive enough to serve as the main dish at a meal. For a hot dish on a cold night they are especially good. Oysters may be added to a chowder and are similar to a clam chowder.

JUST as of old the world rolls on and on;
The day dies into night—night into dawn—
Dawn into dusk—through centuries untold—
Just as of old. —Riley.

Thanksgiving Dishes.

At Thanksgiving time the old family recipes which have made those days red letter days, are looked up and prepared. The crisp, nutty celery, the crimson cranberry, the apples, bears and nuts all contribute to the great feast. The following is a recipe for the old-fashioned pumpkin pie. Half the recipe will make a pie of the size ordinarily used today:

Pumpkin Pie.—Mix one and a half cups of stewed pumpkin with two-thirds of a cup of brown sugar, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, a half teaspoonful of ginger, the same of salt, two well-beaten eggs, one and a half cups of milk and half a cup of cream, and a half teaspoonful of lemon extract. Bake in one crust.

A very nice little tea cake may be made by using the crust left from ordinary pastry or the puff paste, which makes a daintier cake.

Roll the paste to one-fourth inch in thickness and cut in strips six inches long by three-fourths inch wide, brush over with beaten egg, and sprinkle with shredded cocoanut. Chill, and bake in a hot oven.

Thanksgiving Pudding.—Put a third of a cup of suet with three cups of bread crumbs through the meat chopper, add half a pound of chopped figs, three-fourths of a cup of milk, a cup of brown sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, three-fourths of a teaspoonful of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, half a cupful of walnut meats, half a cup of raisins cut in pieces, four eggs well beaten and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Sprinkle carefully over the mixture. Beat thoroughly, turn into a buttered mold and steam three hours. Serve with an egg sauce.

Foamy Sauce.—Beat two eggs until light, add a cup of powdered sugar and a cup of hot milk; flavor with vanilla or grated orange peel.

Nellie Maxwell.

Misunderstood.

Actyn Barnes, tragedian, solemnly strutted into the bar of the night stand hotel. "Put a pint of wine on the ice, my friend," he said to the man behind the counter. "Not if I'm in my right mind I won't!" chuckled the other, who happened to be the proprietor; "cash down is the rule in the here tavern, 'gosh!"

It is better to inherit a fortune than to marry one.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Good luck likes to visit people who are not expecting it.

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It isn't every ball player who can make a hit on the stage.

Pneumonia and Consumption are always preceded by an ordinary cold. Hamlins Wizard Oil rubbed into the chest draws out the inflammation, breaks up the cold and prevents all serious trouble.

Home Vaudeville.

"So you used to be on the stage?"

"Yes'm; and I done a side-splitting sketch."

"Well, let's see what you can do in the way of a wood-splitting sketch."

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Have been troubled with dry Eczema for several months, and have tried many different remedies, but I have gotten more relief and better results with two applications of Ungt. Resinol than all other remedies. Will gladly recommend it whenever and wherever I can.

A. E. Hatch, D.D.S., Cleveland, Ohio.

Only on Great Occasions.

"How are you, Mr. Tyte-Physt? I hope there is nothing wrong with that set of teeth I made for you a few weeks ago."

"No, they're all right; but, great Scott, Doc, I paid you $30 for them teeth. You don't s'pose I'm going to wear 'em for everyday use, do you?"

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The constant use of Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, for toilet, bath and nursery purposes not only preserves, purifies, and beautifies the skin, scalp, hair and hands, and prevents inflammation, irritation and clogging of the pores, the common cause of pimples, blackheads, redness and roughness, yellow, oily, mothy and other unwholesome conditions of the complexion and skin. All who delight in a clear skin, soft, white hands, a clean, wholesome scalp and live, glossy hair, will find Cuticura Soap most successful in realizing every expectation.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are admirably adapted to preserve the health of the skin and scalp of infants and children, and to prevent minor blemishes or inherited skin humors becoming chronic, and may be used from the hour of birth. Cuticura Remedies are sold throughout the civilized world. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole proprietors, Boston, for their free Cuticura book, 32 pages of invaluable advice on care and treatment of the skin, scalp and hair.

ANOTHER BUMP FOR GENIUS.

GEORGE BAKER

The Amateur Poet—Whatever I do I do with my whole soul.

His Wife (sadly)—I know you do dear, but it would be such a help if you'd give it up and do things with your hands.

STOMACH MISERY VANISHES

Indigestion, Gas, Sourness and Dyspepsia Go and Your Stomach Feels Fine in Five Minutes.

If your meals don't tempt you, or what little you do eat seems to fill you, or lays like a lump of lead in your stomach, or if you have heartburn or a sick, sour, upset or gassy stomach, that is a sign of Indigestion.

Ask your Pharmacist for a 50-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin and take a little just as soon as you can. There will be no sour risings, no belching of undigested food mixed with acid, no stomach gas or heartburn, fullness or heavy feeling in the stomach, Nausea, Debilitating Headaches, Dizziness or Intestinal griping. This will all go, and besides, there will be no undigested food left over in the stomach to poison your breath with nauseous odors.

Pape's Diapepsin is certain cure for out-of-order stomachs, because it prevents fermentation and takes hold of your food and digests it just the same as if your stomach wasn't there.

Relief in five minutes from all stomach misery is waiting for you at any drug store here in town.

These large 50-cent cases of Pape's Diapepsin contain more than sufficient to thoroughly cure any case of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Gastritis or any other stomach disturbance.

How would you like an unbossed and lobbyless legislature for a change?

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THE BEST MEDICINE
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A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of
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Pumpkin Seed -
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A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP
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35 DOSES 35 CENTS
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The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.
In Use For Over Thirty Years
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BOYS' SHOES, $2.00, $2.50 & $3.00. BEST IN THE WORLD.
W. L. Douglas $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00 shoes are positively the best made and most popular shoes for the price in America, and are the most economical shoes for you to buy.
DO you realize that my shoes have been the standard for over 30 years, that I make and sell more $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00 shoes than any other manufacturer in the U.S., and that DOLLAR FOR DOLLAR, I GUARANTEE MY SHOES to hold their shape, look and fit better, and wear longer than any other $3.00, $3.50 or $4.00 shoes you can buy? Quality counts. It has made my shoes THE LEADERS OF THE WORLD.
You will be pleased when you buy my shoes because of the fit and appearance, and when it comes time for you to purchase another pair, you will be more than pleased because the last ones wore so well, and gave you so much comfort.
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Many farmers have paid for their land out of the proceeds of one crop.
Free Homesteads of 160 acres and pre-emptions of 160 acres at $3.00 an acre. Fine climate, good schools, close to railway facilities, low freight rates; wood, water and lumber easily obtained.
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Magic Lanterns, ... $2.00, 3.00
Post Card Projectors, ... 3.00. 5.00
Tool Chests, ... 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00
Rail Road Trains with Track, ... $1.00, 1.50, 2.50, 3.00
Music Organs, ... $1.00
Large Size Scales, ... 25c
Ten Pins, ... 25c and 50c
Trunks, ... 25c and $1.50
Piano Stools, ... 25c
Spinning Tops, ... 10c
Tansfer Slates, ... 10c and 25c
China Toys, ... 25c and 50c.
Sets of Blocks, ... 10 and 25c
Mission Desk and Chair to match, ... $4.50
Oak Finished Desk, ... $2.75
Rocking Horses, ... $3.75 and 4.00
Tables and Chairs each 50c
Drums, 50c, ... $1.00, 1.50
Dolls Dishes, ... 25, 50c, 75c. $1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 2.00, 3.00
Stuffed Dogs and Animals, ... 25c, 50c, $1.00
Dolls Gilt Furniture Sets, ... 69c
Paint Boxes, ... 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00
Fine Water Color Paint in Tubes, ... 4c and 5c
Black Boards, ... $1.50
Colapsible Go-Carts, ... 50c and $1.00
Fine Buggies for Dolls. . . . . $2.50 to 5.00
33 Inch Dolls, ... $6.00
25 Inch Jointed Dolls, ... $1.25, 1.50
Kid Body Dolls, ... 25c, 50c to $5.00
Games of all kinds, ... 5c, 10c, 25c, 50c

This beautiful all wool broadcloth suit, handsomely braided, coat satin lined, in various colors

$13.50

Extra Special

A Sale of odd Shirt Waists. (Not many of them.)

Friday we will put on sale Black Glove Silk Jersey Waists, our regular $5.00 numbers at each

$1.98

Also, one only Black Batiste Waist, Embroidered front. Size 40. Regular price $3.98, sale price

$1.50

And one only, White Batiste Waist, Embroidered front. Size 42. Regular price $2.98, sale price

$1.25

Balance of our $1.00 White Lawn Waists, Embroidered fronts. Go at each

59c

Extra Special

Friday and if any left Saturday. We shall sell Toy Grocery Stores, also Toy Meat Markets with full line of contents. The regular 50c sizes at each

33c

Also Dolls Clothing, such as Kimonas, Aprons, Skirts and Sun Bonnets. Regular price 10c per garment, at each

3c

And Little Dressmaker Sewing Sets with Doll etc. Regular price 50c, at each.

33c

This stylish, all wool Broadcloth Suit, richly braided, coat satin lined, various colors.

$12.50

R. KUEHNE, Emporium's Greatest Store